

PRIMARY SPEAKER
BOOK No. 2.

David O. McKay Library



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RECITATIONS

FOR THE

PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS,

IN

POETRY, DIALOGUES AND PROSE.

BOOK NO. 2.

*Adapted to the capacities of Members from the age
of ten to fifteen years.*

BY E. R. SNOW SMITH.

SALT LAKE CITY:

DESERET NEWS COMPANY, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,

1882.



A FEW HINTS TO PRESIDING OFFICERS.

THE object of recitation is not only to cultivate the heart and intellect, but also to improve the manners. An easy and dignified mien should be cultivated. When children are called upon to recite—in going from and returning to their seats, careless, rude and swaggering motions should not be indulged.

As soon as children acquire sufficient confidence to admit of discipline, careful and loving training must not be omitted.

Short recitations, with their meaning explained so as to be fully understood, and recited with proper tone and gesture, are very much more cultivating than lengthy ones committed to memory and recited in a monotonous manner. It is worse than useless to crowd the young mind with that which it is not capable of comprehending.

Instead of encouraging children to exhibit *how much* they can commit to memory, they should be taught *how*, and be inspired with an ambition to manifest *how well* they can recite what they have memorized. This will greatly assist them in acquiring the art of reading, which is very desirable.

E. R. S. S.

POETRY.

THE TRANSFORMATION;

OR,

THE TOOL AND THE GEM.

I saw a thing of rudest form,
From mountain's base brought forth;
A useless gem—devoid of charm,
And wrapped in cumbrous earth.

Its rough exterior met the eye
With a repulsive show;
For every charm was forced to lie
In buried depths below.

The sculptor came; I wondered when
His pliant tool was brought;
He passed it o'er the gem, and then
I marked the change it wrought.

Each cunbrance from its surface cleared—
The gem exposed to view:
Its nature and its worth appeared—
Its form expansive grew.

By gentle strokes it was set free--
By softer touch refined,
Till beauty, grace and majesty
Harmoniously combined.

Its lustre kindled to a blaze—

'Twas Wisdom's lamp begun;
And soon the splendor of its rays
Eclipsed the noonday sun.

That gem was chained in crudeness, till
The sculptor lent his aid;
I marveled at the ready skill
His potent hand displayed.

It was the virtue of his tool
Of fine, transforming edge;
Which served for pencil, mould and rule,
For polisher and sledge.

That *tool* requires a skilful hand,
That *gem* no chain should bind:
That tool is *Education*, and
That gem, the *Human Mind*.

THE HERO.

Well may the fire of glory blaze
Upon the warrior's tread,
And nations twine a wreath of praise
Around the hero's head:
His path is honored, and his name
Is written on the spire of fame.

His deeds are deeds of courage, for
He treads on gory ground,
Amid the pride and pomp of war,
When carnage sweeps around.
With sword unsheathed he stands before
The foe, amid the cannon's roar.

If such the meed the warrior gains—
If such the palm he bears—
If such insignia he obtains—
If such the crown he wears;
If laurels thus his head entwine,
And stars of triumph round him shine;

How noble must be *his* reward,
Who, 'midst the crafts of men,
Clad in the armor of the Lord,
Goes forth to battle when
The angry powers of darkness rage,
And men and devils warfare wage;

Who goes tradition's charm to bind,
That reason may go free;
And liberate the human mind
From clerical tyranny—
To sever superstition's rod,
And propagate the truth of God;

Who wars with prejudice, to break
Asunder error's chain;
And make the sandy pillars shake,
Where human dogmas reign:
Who *dares* to be a man of God,
And bear the Spirit's sword abroad;

Who, with his latest dying breath,
Bears witness to the truth;
Who fearless meets the "monster Death,"
To gain immortal youth;
And enters on a higher sphere,
Without the shadow of a fear?

Above all earthly, his shall be
An everlasting fame;

The archives of eternity
Will register his name:
With gems of endless honor rife,
His crown will be Eternal Life.

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

'Twas in the flow'ry month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When th' merry, joyous company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right genially
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare;
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for "bitter," some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company,
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near.
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired
"Stout, bitter, mild or clear?"

"We've rich supplies of foreign port,
We've first-class wine and cakes."
The youth, with guileless look, replied,
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
 Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict, deep and strong,
 Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
 Then gazed upon the wine;
"O God," he thought, "if I should taste,
 Who can the end divine!

"Have I not seen the strongest fall,
 The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
 Bestow a curse this day?

"No: Heaven forbid! Here, waiter, bring
 Bright water unto me.
My son will take what father takes:
 My drink shall water be."

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem!

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not written of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act; act in the living present;
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

GENIUS EMANCIPATED;
OR,
THE EFFECTS OF EDUCATION ON THE HUMAN MIND.

The scene was rude, and in its scenic pride,
Wild, mossy thickets clustered side by side:
Spontaneous rubbish clothed the rugged soil;

The lean-brake doated on the thistle's smile;
 Nature's green umbrage closely interwove,
 And form'd the darksome, orbless arch above.

There, on the rocky base, by Ignorance chained,
 Untrained, uncultured, savage Genius reigned:
 Thick clouds of vapor gathered 'round her head,
 Her winding paths, thro' miry mazes led;
 Her ling'ring step and vague, ambiguous air,
 Expressed distraction rather than despair.
 Her harsh speech grated thro' the craggy oaks,
 Or fell unheeded on imbedded rocks;
 Her harp was silent, and it mattered not,
 For no kind gale could reach th' ill-fated spot;
 And when full aiming at the vocal song,
 She seemed the mimic of a palsied tongue.

At length, amid the strange, mysterious gloom,
 Freedom's bold spirit shook the bolted tomb,
 And Education, ushered into birth,
 'Rose, Phoenix like, to renovate the earth.

The scene is chang'd—the scenery now appears
 Like Hope's fine portrait of prospective years:
 A powerful skill has swept th' encumbered soil,
 And made it teem with honey, wine and oil:
 Fair lilies flourish and gay tulips bud—
 Fresh roses bloom where prickly brambles stood;
 Tall trees are budding with perennial fruit,
 And golden diamonds sparkle at the root;
 Unbounded prospects in succession rise
 On either side, and tower amid the skies.

See Genius now in splendid robes arrayed!
 Expanding blossoms deck her laureled head;
 Fair gems of science brighten on her brow—
 She speaks—kings nod, and thrones and empires
 bow:

She takes the harp and lettered pinions bear
Soul-stirring music, onward thro' the air.

Lo, she ascends Olympus' blazing height,
Where fabled deities carouse in light:
Aspiring still, she aims at crowns on high,
And seeks a passport thro' the upper sky—
Obtains the grant by Inspiration given,
And with its chart and compass, sails to heaven,
And thro' the Priesthood, in the bright abode,
Is crowned Immortal at the throne of God.

IRON—SILVER—GOLD,

THREE RULES.

What is the Iron Rule?
The rule of savage men:
If evil is done unto you,
Evil do thou again.
That is the *Iron Rule*.

What is the Silver Rule?
The rule of worldly men:
If good your neighbor does to you,
Do good to him again.
That is the *Silver Rule*.

What is the Golden Rule?
The rule of righteous men:
If evil is done unto you,
Return thou good again.
That is the *Golden Rule*.

WE'LL SAY NO.

(To be recited by several boys in concert.)

We are now starting out on life's journey,
Abroad on the highway of life.
We shall meet with a thousand temptations;
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever we go;
But if we in weakness are tempted,

We'll have courage enough to say No.
The syren's sweet song may allure us;
We'll beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever we see her approaching,
We'll quickly make haste and depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show;
If we are invited to enter,
We'll have courage enough to say No.

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
We'll have courage sufficient to flee.
The vile gambling halls are below us,
Their lights how they dance to and fro;
If we should be tempted to enter,
We'll think twice, even thrice, ere we go.

In courage alone lies our safety,
When we the long journey begin.
And trust in our Heavenly Father,
To keep us unspotted from sin.

Temptations will go on increasing,
 As streams from a rivulet flow;
 But if we are true to our manhood,
 We'll have courage enough to say No.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind
 If the clothes should be faded and torn;
 Tip 'em up, make 'em do, it is better by far
 Than to have the heart weary and worn.

Who'll love you more for the set of your hat,
 Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
 The style of your vest, or your boots or cravat,
 If they know you're in debt for the new?

There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street,
 In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt,
 And feel that perchance you some tradesmen may
 meet,
 Who will sneer, "They're not paid for yet."

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt;
 If the chairs and the sofa are old,
 They will fit your backs better than any new set,
 Unless they were paid for in gold.

If the house is too small, draw the closer together;
 Keep it warm with a hearty good-will;
 A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
 Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—dear girls, take a hint,
 If the fashions have changed since last season;
 Old nature is out in the very same tint,
 And old nature, we think, has some reason.

But just say to your friend that you cannot afford
To spend time to keep up with the fashion;
That your purse is too light, and your honor too bright
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
Have fine houses, and feathers, and flowers;
But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man
Than to envy their sunshiny hours.

If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say—
Spend your dollars and dimes as you please,
But mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husband, don't run in debt any more;
'Twill fill up your wife's cup of sorrow,
To know that a neighbor may call at your door
With a bill you must settle to-morrow.

O, take my advice! It is good! It is true!
But, lest you may some of you doubt it,
I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you:
I have tried it, and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
Its links all corrosion and rust;
Gild it oe'r as you will, it is never of gold,
Thon spurn it aside with disgust.

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair fame wilted,
And friends, once fond, grew cold and stilted;
And life was worse than death,

One venom'd word
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one—
That muttered low, for very shame;
That thing the slanderer dare not name—
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power—
A human soul, in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others speak of battles fought—
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
When honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will speak of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against *himself* and wins.

He is a hero, staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low:
Who stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed,—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
 Or muscle, to o'ercome
 An enemy that marches not
 With banner, plume and drum—
 A foe forever lurking nigh,
 With silent, stealthy tread;
 Forever near your board by day,
 At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
 Tho' poor or rich he be,
 Who struggles with his better part—
 Who conquers and is free.
 He may not wear a hero's crown,
 Or fill a hero's grave,
 But truth will place his name among
 The bravest of the brave.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Up this world and down this world,
 And over this world and through,
 Though drifted about,
 And tossed without,
 Why, paddle your own canoe.

What though the sky is heavy with clouds,
 Or shining, a field of blue,
 If the bleak wind blows,
 Or the sunshine glows,
 Still paddle your own canoe.

If a hurricane rise in the midnight skies,
 And the stars are lost to view,

Glide safely along,
With a smile and a song,
And paddle your own canoe.
Never give up when trials come—
Never grow sad and blue;
Never sit down
With a fear and a frown,
But paddle your own canoe.
There are daisies springing along the shores,
Blooming and sweet for you;
There are rose-hued dyes
In the autumn skies—
Then paddle your own canoe.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause when now we hasten—
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.
If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling;
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say "good bye,"
Which among the lips that kiss us
First should 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears—
Tender words of love eternal,
We would whisper in their ears.

KINDNESSES.

(For a Class.)

Little words of kindness
Whispered soft and low,
With a thrill of gladness
To the heart will go,
Lighting up its darkness
With a cheering ray,
Changing heavy sadness
To the light of day.

Little words of kindness
Do a work of love;
God's own hand records them
In the world above.
They whose words of pity
Dry the mourner's tears,
Have the Savior's blessing
Through their earthly years.

Little deeds of kindness,
Heartily bestowed,
Help a fainting brother
On life's weary road.

Little deeds of kindness
To a wandering soul,
Blessed by God, may lead him
Back to Jesus' fold.

Little words of kindness
Seem of little worth,
Yet you cannot buy them
With the gold of earth.
Scatter, then, like sunbeams,
Many a word of love,
And the Lord of heaven
Will bless you from above.

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

I'll tell you of a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who loved to tell the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all around would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy,
The boy who never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer always would be this:
"Because he never tells a lie."

A POUTING GIRL.

Sniff, sniff, sniff !
Little Mary's in a tiff.
Snuff, snuff, snuff !
Don't you think she's cried enough ?
Pout, pout, pout !
How her pretty lips stick out !
Drop, drop, drop !
Will the big tears never stop ?
Shade, shade, shade !
I am very much afraid
That she has forgotten quite
To be sunny, sweet and bright.

Creep, creep, creep !
A little smile begins to peep.
Oh, oh, oh !
Now she feels ashamed, I know.
Fie, fie, fie !
Do not look so very shy.
Peek, peek, peek !
There's a dimple in her cheek.
Run, run, run,
Naughty clouds, before the sun !
Tears and trouble go away,
From our happy little May.

GIVE THE LITTLE BOYS A CHANCE.

(This may be spoken by one or three little boys.)

Here we are ! don't leave us out,
Just because we're little boys !
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
Yet we, step by step, advance ;
All the world's before you spread—
Give the little boys a chance.

Never slight us in your play—
You were once as small as we ;
We'll be big like you some day,
Then, perhaps, our worth you'll see.
We will meet you, when we're grown,
With a brave and manly glance ;
Don't think all the world's your own—
Give the little boys a chance.

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work they have to do :
Little lips will sing their song
When those early days are through ;
So, you big boys, if we're small,
On our toes you needn't dance :
There is room enough for all—
Give the little boys a chance.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done ;
Hark ! through the starlight stillness
You hear the river run.

The little children whisper,
Then speak out, one and all :
“Come, father, make for Johnny
The rabbit on the wall.”

He smilingly assenting,
They gather round his chair ;
“Now, grandma, you hold Johnny—
Don’t let the candle flare.”

So speaking, from his fingers
He throws a shadow tall,
That seems, a moment after,
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows ;
E’en grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.

There never was a painting
Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure
As the rabbit on the wall.

NO ! NO ! NO !

There is a word of power
More strong than might of kings,
When, in temptation's hour,
Upon the heart it rings.
A thousand wiles would win us
In wicked ways to go,
Unless the voice within us
Tells us, No ! No ! No !

In gayest scenes of pleasure,
The wine-cup gleaming bright,
May offer fullest measure
Of gladness and delight:
But oh, it lures to win us
Where bitter waters flow,
Unless the voice within us
Tells us, No ! No ! No !

There is a path of duty,
There is a way of right,
All full of truth and beauty—
Of honor, pure and bright.
Temptation's pow'r might lead us
Some other way to go,
Unless the voice within us
Tells us, No ! No ! No !

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

(Simply and lovingly.)

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The great God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset,
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God, our Father,
Who has made all things well.

IF A BROTHER.

If a brother meet a brother,
Fallen very low,
Should a brother leave a brother
Farther down to go ?

Every body needs a body,
Kindly words to say,
When a body meets a body
Falling by the way.
If a brother meet a brother,
Let him understand
That a brother needs a brother
With a helping hand.
Every body should a body
Help as best he may,
When a body meets a body
Falling by the way.

THE COB HOUSE.

Willie and Charlie, eight and ten,
Were under the porch in the noonday heat ;
I could hear and see the little men,
As I sat unseen in the window seat.
On a cob-house Will was hard at work,
With a zeal that seemed funny to me :
At eight, one hardly has learned to shirk,
But that came later, as you will see.
For Charlie, by virtue of riper age,
Did nothing but stand and criticize ;
His hands in his pockets, stage by stage
He watched the tottering castle rise.
“ And now, after all your fuss,” said he,
“ Supposing it tumbles down again ? ”
“ Oh,” Will answers, cool as cool could be,
“ Of course I should build it better then.”

Charlie shook sagely his curly head,
And opened his eyes of dancing brown ;
He then for a final poser said,
“ But supposing it always keeps tumbling down ? ”

Willie, however, was not of the stuff
To be at all daunted when taken so ;
“ Why, then,” he answered, ready enough,
“ I should keep on building it better, you know.”

And seeing the wide world's hardest knot
Cut at a stroke with such simple skill ;
People older than Charlie, I truly thought,
Might learn a lesson from Master Will.

THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

It was such a little thing—
One slight twist of crimson string—
But 'twas stealing all the same ;
And the child who took it knew
That she told what was not true,
Just to screen herself from blame ;
First a theft and then a lie—
Both recorded up on high !

It was but a *little* sip,
Just a taste upon the lip,
But it left a longing there ;
Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened, too,
Till it would no curbing bear :
So the demon *drink* decoys—
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one *little* word,
Softly spoken—seareely heard,
 Uttered by a single breath :
But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
 So provoking wrath and death :
Soon the lips, once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

And it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
 That destroy the tender vines ;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling higher,
 That across the forest shines ;
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

PLAYING RAILROAD.

Charlie with Katie, his sister, played—
The game was "Railroad"—and so he said,
"I'm engine, and I'm conductor, too."
As he rattled away, "A-choo ! A-choo !"
He'd stop or go on, and call and shout,
"All aboard !" or "Passengers out !"
And the names of places he knew about—
"New York !" "Chicago !" "Washington Street !"
But still his passenger kept her seat.
His knowledge of places grew scant and few,
And he certainly didn't know what to do,
So he called out "Heaven !" just like a station.
Little Kate sprang up with an exclamation—
Sweet and joyful, glad and clear—
"Top ! 'top ! *I dess I'll det out here !*"

A HOME PICTURE.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door ;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor—
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were clear and bright,
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he ;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily ;
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast,
While a chubby rogue, with a rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field ;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield :
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair ;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
And his farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful—
Her fowls and her calves were fat,
And the butter that Tommy that morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat ;
That Jenny, for pa, a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done, too, by the rule—
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of grayish brown—
“I tell you, Kate, what I think,” said he,
“We’re the happiest folks in town.”
“I know,” said Kate, “that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I’ve found ;
For there’s Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she’s sick the whole year round.

“They’re worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne’er saw them happy yet ;
’Twould not be me that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret :
My humble home has a light within
Mrs. Bell’s gold could not buy,
Six healthy children—a merry heart,
And a husband’s lovelit eye.”

I fancied a tear was in Ben’s eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer ;
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer :
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And he took her hand in his—
I guess (though I looked at the moon just then)
He left on her lips, a kiss.

THE ATHEIST.

The fool has said, “THERE IS NO GOD !”
No GOD ! Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on a heavenly road
A far and brilliant course to run ?

Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets, one by one,
Steal o'er the night-vales dark and damp ?

No God ! Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower ?
Who warms the Spring-morn's budding bough,
And plants the Summer's noontide flower ?
Who spreads in the Autumnal bower
The fruit trees' mellow stores around,
And sends the Winter's icy power
T' invigorate th' exhausted ground ?

No God ! Who makes the bird to wing
Its flight, like arrows through the sky,
And gives the deer its power to spring
From rock to rock triumphantly ?
Who formed Behemoth, huge and high,
That at one draught the river drains,
And great Leviathan to lie,
Like ocean isle on floating plains ?

No God ! Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts th' aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread, beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet
Beyond the scenes of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of the after life ?

No God ! Who fixed the solid ground
Of pillars strong that alter not ?
Who spread the curtained skies around ?
Who does the ocean bounds allot ?

Who all things to perfection brought,
On earth below, in heaven above ?
Go ask the fool, of impious thought,
Who dares to say, "THERE IS NO GOD."

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE ?

When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When the angels' voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care—
In that land of life and glory,
Shall we know each other there ?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land ?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore ?
Shall we feel the same arms twining
Fondly round us as before ?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us to heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago ;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

O ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way !
You shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harpstrings, touched by angel fingers,
Whispered in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet note lingers—
“ *We shall know each other there.*”

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore :
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away ;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best loved ones away,
And then we call them “dead.”

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, with joyous tones,
 That gladdened scenes of pain and strife,
 Joins now in everlasting songs
 Around the tree of life.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again ;
 With joy we'll welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread ;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—*there is no dead.*



PRAYER AND POTATOES.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
 With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
 And pale and hunger-worn features ;
 For days and for weeks her only fare,
 As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
 Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone : of bad and good, .
 Not one was left for the old lady's food
 Of those potatoes ;
 And she sighed and said, " What shall I do ?
 Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
 For more potatoes ? "

And she thought of the Deacon over the way—
The Deacon so ready to worship and pray—

Whose cellar was full of potatoes :
And she said, "I will send for the Deacon to come,
For he'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the Deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes :
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the Deacon's religion didn't lie in that way,
He was more accustomed to preach and to pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes ;
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He arose up to pray with uncovered head,
But *she* only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom and grace,
But when he prayed, "O Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes ;"
And then at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

The Deacon was troubled, and what could he do ?
'Twas embarrassing, very, to have her act so
About "those carnal potatoes :"
So, ending his prayer, he started for home ;
But as the door closed behind him he heard a deep
groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes !"

And that groan followed him all the way home—
In the midst of the night it haunted his room—
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes !"

He could bear it no longer ; he rose up and dressed :
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste,
A bag of his *best* potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut ;
Her sleepless eyes she had not shut ;
But there she sat in her old arm-chair,
With the same wan features—the same sad air :
And entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more of his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
“ Now,” said the Deacon, “ shall we pray ? ”
“ Yes,” said the widow, “ *now* you may.”

And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed ;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded aloud “ Amen ! ”
But said no more of potatoes.

And would *you*, who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying “ *prevail ?* ”
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds :
Search out the poor, their wants and their needs :
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance—for all these are good ;
But don't forget the potatoes.

THE PUREST PEARL.

Beside the church door, a-weary and alone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door-stone;
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a mocking voice in the fitful blast
Seemed ever to echo her mourning cry,
As she begged an alms of the passers-by;
“Have pity on me, have pity, I pray;
My back is bent and my hair is gray.”

The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathered there;
But covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintry storm.

There, some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave,
And alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's meed:
And some were blooming with beauty's grace,
But closely muffled in veils of lace;
They saw not the woman, nor heard the moan
Of her who sat on the cold door-stone.

At last came one of noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
And the pearls that o'er her neck were strung
She proudly there to the beggar flung.

Then followed a maiden, young and fair,
Adorned with clusters of golden hair;
But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn,
Not even the beggar seemed more forlorn;
With a tearful look and a pitying sigh,
She whispered soft, “No jewels have I,

But I give you my prayer, good friend," said she,
"And sure, I know, God listens to me."

On the poor white hand, so shrunken and small,
The blind woman let a tear-drop fall,
Then kissed it, and said to the weeping girl,
"It is you who have given the purest pearl,"

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys:
Some few upon their books intent,
But more on cunning mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack:
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" The startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Wulith, if you pleathe,
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.

With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
 The master faltered, "I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude !
 Before the whole set school to boot—
 What evil genius put you to't ? "
 " 'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
 " I did not mean to be so bad;
 But when Susanna shook her curls,
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
 But up and kissed her on the spot !
 I know—boo hoo—I ought to not,
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo hoo—
 I thought she kind o' wished me to ! "

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

Speak every word distinctly—make the proper pauses.

Three little words you often see
 Are articles, a, an, and the.

A' noun's the name of anything,
 As school, or garden, hoop, or ring.

Adjectives show the kind of noun,
 As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
 Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell us something to be done—
 To read, count, fly, sing, jump, or run.

How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind, and weather.

The preposition stands before
A noun, as in, or through, the door.

The interjection shows surprise,
As oh ! how pretty—ah ! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaieth.

Better to hope, tho' the elouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the rich blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous elouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverbs say,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,

That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- 1 Thou shalt have no other God but me.
- 2 Before no idol bow thy knee.
- 3 Take not the name of God in vain:
- 4 Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
- 5 Give both thy parents honor due.
- 6 Take heed that thou no murder do.
- 7 Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
- 8 Steal not, though thou art poor and mean.
- 9 Tell not a wilful lie, nor love it.
- 10 What is thy neighbor's do not covet.

OUR SAVIOR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to man
Whate'er you would not take again.

GUARD YOUR ACTIONS.

(To be recited in concert, or singly.)

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this, by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard your every look and action;
Speak no heartless word of blame;
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may mar your goodly name.

When you meet a brow that's awing
With its wrinkled lines of gloom,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb,
Guard your action: some great sorrow
Made that man a spectre grim;
And the sunset of to-morrow
Yet may leave you like to him.

When you meet with one pursuing
Paths the lost have entered in,

Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin,
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win you back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers—
Not because the soil is bad,
But that summer's gentle showers
Never made their bosoms glad.
Better have an aet that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard: I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon! I must slumber
again."

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy
head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber!"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without
number;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and higher:
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, then hoping to find
 He took better care for improving his mind:
 He told me his dreams—talked of eating and drinking,
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never likes thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me!
 That man is a picture of what I might be:
 Thanks to God and my friends for kind care in my
 breeding—
 That I have been taught to love working and reading."

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain
 Just as the setting sun's last ray
 Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
 Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped—
 The time, till supper, to beguile,
 In moralizing o'er the dead,
 That mouldered 'round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed
 Where want and pain and toil did rest;
 And many a flatt'ring stone I viewed
 Of those who once had wealth possessed.

A faded beech its shadows brown
 Threw o'er the grave where sorrow slept,
 On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
 Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
 Which neither seemed inclined to take;
 And yet they seem'd so much a prey
 To want, it made my heart to ache.

“My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear ;
And why you, wasteful, from you throw
That bread, which many a one would cheer.”

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased—
“Lady, we’ve not enough to eat ;
Oh, if we had we would not waste.”

“But sister Mary’s naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate’er I say ;
Though sure I am the bread’s her own,
As she has tasted none to-day.”

“Indeed,” the wan, starved Mary said,
“Till Henry eats I’ll eat no more ;
For yesterday I got some bread—
He’s had none since the day before.”

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech ;
I silent sat upon the grave,
And pressed the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy then nearer drew,
And ’gan his simple tale t’ impart.

“Before my father went away—
Enticed by bad men o’er the sea,
Sister and I did nought but play—
We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

“But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed I cannot tell ;
She told me that she soon would die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our Father then would be.

"She kissed us both—and then she died,
And we no more a mother have;
Here, many a day, we've sat and cried
Together on poor mother's grave.

"But when my father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"We, hand in hand, went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met;
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,
And only long with her to be;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then, since no parent here we have,
We'll go and search for God around.
Lady, pray can you tell me where
That God, our Father, may be found?

"He lives in heav'n, our mother said,
And Goody says that mother's there;
So if she thinks we want His aid,
I think perhaps she'll send Him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And said, "Come both, and live with me;
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be.

"And God shall be your Father still;
'Twas He in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey His will—
Your steps to guide—your hearts to cheer."

HANG UP HIS HARP.

His young bride stood beside his bed,
Her weeping watch to keep.
Hush! hush! he stirred not—was he dead?
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
No sigh had filled his breath.
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber or in death?

"Reach down his harp," she wildly cried,
"And if one spark remain,
Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's Side,'
He'll kindle at the strain.

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall;
It never breathed in vain;
He'll waken as its echoes fall,
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept. 'Twas sad to hear
Sweet music floating there;
For every note called forth a tear
Of anguish and despair.

"See! see!" she cried, "the tune is o'er.
No opening eye—no breath!
Hang up his harp, he'll wake no more;
He sleeps the sleep of death."

THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep:
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep!
'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"
So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held their breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with death.
And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one lifting up his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.
But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"
Then we kissed the little maiden,
As we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

THE HYPOCRITE.

I hate hypocrisy—that velvet thing,
With silken lips, whence oily words flow out.

'Tis like a mildew in the social cup
Of life;—'tis worse than mould—'tis poison—'tis
A worm disguised, that eats asunder the
Most holy cords of confidence, that bind
In cordial fellowship the hearts of men.
Kind words with falsehood in them? Yes, how
strange!

Designed to please—and yet they do not please,
But sting, like vipers, into friendship's core.

I love sweet sounds—soft and melodious,
That chime with pure, unsullied nature's tones;
But to my soul there is no melody
In sounds, however smooth, devoid of truth.
I'd rather hear the dashing cat'ract's roar,
Or the rough clamor of the swelling surge,
Or listen to the thunder's bursting peal,
Than creamy words, with glowing eloquence
Dressed up, which savor of dishonesty.

If I were ignorant, blind, or were a fool,
I could take down the soporific draught,
And call it good, and look the author in
The face, and smile, and be no hypocrite.

But when I'm like my Maker, God, indued
With intuition (be it e'er so small),
I do, like Him, love Truth and Honesty.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

"Only a penny a box," he said;
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the squalid sight
Of a boy who stood in the failing light.

"Oh, sir!" he stammered, "you cannot know—"
(And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow,
That the sudden tear might have chance to fall,)
"Or I think—I think you would take them all."

"Hungry and cold at our garret pane,
Ruby will watch till I come again,
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.

"One penny, and then I can buy the bread!"
The gentleman stopped: "And you?" he said.
"/—I can put up with them—hunger and cold,
But Ruby is only five years old.

"I promised our mother, before she went;
She knew I would do it, and died content.
I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
I always would think of Ruby first."

The gentleman paused at his open door;
Such tales he had often heard before;
But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear:
"I have nothing less than a shilling here."

"Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack,
I will bring you the change directly back.
Indeed you may trust me!" "Trust you?—no!
But here's the shilling: take it and go."

The gentleman lolled in his cozy chair,
And watched his cigar-wreath melt in air,

And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he said;
"Time that my darlings were all in bed.
Kiss me 'good night,' and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember the
poor."

Just then came a message—"A boy at the door;"
But ere it was uttered, he stood on the floor,
Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged and strange:
*"I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've brought you the
change!"*

"Mike's hurt, sir; 'twas dark, the snow made him
blind,
And he didn't take notice the train was behind
Till he slipped on the track; and then it whizzed by:
And he's home in the garret; I think he will die!

"Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do,
But out through the snow I must hurry to you.
Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have heard,
And so you might think *he had broken his word.*"

When the garret they hastily entered, they saw
Two arms mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the
straw.

"You did it—dear Ruby—God bless you!" he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was
dead.

A NEW YEAR'S SPEECH.

Hark! 'tis the trump of Time that ushers in
The new unfolding, undeveloped year.
Who knows its secrets? Who can pry into
Its deeply folded vestments, and foretell
The grand vicissitudes that must precede
The final egress of the opening year,
Now wrapt in curtains of futurity,
Which mortal ken, unaided by the light
Of Inspiration, cannot penetrate?

Its introduction bears an impress of
The past, and casts a bold reflection on
The future. Time's broad bosom heaves:—on, on,
Fast moves the billowy tide of change, that, in
Its destination, will o'erwhelm the mass
Of the degenerate governments of earth,
And introduce Messiah's peaceful reign.

There is "a fearful looking for"—a vague
Presentiment of something near at hand—
A feeling of portentousness, that steals
Upon the hearts of multitudes, who see
Disorder reigning through all ranks of life.

Reformers and reforms, abroad in these
United States—dashing tornado-like,
Seem threatening dissolution all around.

Hearken, all ye inhabitants of earth—
All you philanthropists, who are struggling to
Correct the evils of society:
You've neither rule nor plummet.

Here are men,
Clothed with the everlasting Priesthood—men
Full of the Holy Ghost, and authorized

To establish righteousness—to plant the seed
Of pure religion, and restore again
A perfect form of Government to earth.

Can ships at sea be guided without helm?
Boats without oars?—steam engines without steam?—
The mason work without a trowel? Can
The painter work without a brush, or the
Shoemaker without awl?—tho latter work
Without a block—the blacksmith without sledge
Or anvil?

Just as well as men reform
And regulate society, without
The holy Priesthood's power.

Who can describe
The heavenly order, who have not the right,
Like Abra'm, Moses and Elijah, to
Converse with God, and be instructed through
The Urim and the Thummim, as of old?

“Knowledge is power.” Ye Saints of latter-day,
You hold the keys of knowledge. 'Tis for *us*,
The favored sons and daughters of the Saints,
To cultivate our hearts and minds, and learn
The ways of God, by Inspiration taught;
That we successfully may act our part
In the great work of planting on the earth
The principles of Truth and Equity,
And share the glory of Messiah's reign.

BALAAM AND BALAK.

Upon the hill the prophet stood:
King Balak in the rocky vale,
Around him like a fiery flood,
Flashed to the sun, his men of mail.

'Twas morn—'twas noon, the sacrifice
Still rolled its leaping flames to heaven;
They, on the prophet turn their eyes,
Nor yet the fearful curse is given.

'Tis eve—the flame is feeble now--
Dried is the victim's purple blood—
The sun is shining clear and low
Upon the murm'ring multitude.

"Now curse or die"—the gathering roar
Upon him like a tempest came;
Again the altar streamed with gore
And blushed beneath the sky with shame!

From earnest prayer the prophet rose—
His mantle from his face he slung,
And listened where the mighty foes,
To heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camps like swelling clouds,
Mixed with the horizon's distant view,
Saw on the plains, th' marshalled crowds,
And heard the strains their trumpets blew.

A sudden spirit on him came--
A sudden fire was in his eye—
His tongue was touched with hallowed flame—
The curser swelled with prophecy.

"How shall I curse whom God hath blessed—
With whom He dwells, with whom shall dwell?"
He raised his hands to heaven, and said,
"Then be thou blest, O Israel."

MY OWN—MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

(To be recited singly or in concert.)

I love that Flag. When in my childish glee,
 A prattling child upon my grandsire's knee;
 I heard him tell strange tales, with valor rife —
 How that same Flag was bought with blood and life;
 And his tall form seemed taller, when he said
 "My child, for that, your grandpa fought and bled."
 My young heart felt, that every scar he wore,
 Caused him to prize that banner more and more.

I eaught the fire, and, as in years I grew,
 I loved the Flag, I loved my country too:
 My bosom swelled with pride, to think my birth
 Was on this highly favored spot of earth.

* * * * * *

There came a time, I shall remember well—
 Beneath the "Stars and Stripes" we could not dwell:
 We had to flee! But in our hasty flight,
 We grasped the Flag, with more than mortal might;
 Resolved, that, tho' our foes should us bereave
 Of home and wealth, *our Flag we would not leave.*
 We took the Flag, and journeying to the West,
 We wore its motto graven on each breast.

There we arrived in peace, and God be praised,
 Anon our country's glorious standard raised;
 The dear old Flag, in graceful majesty,
 Hailed on the mountains, "Union—Liberty."
 Fair Freedom spread her garlands 'round us, though
 This land was held in claim by Mexico.

'Twas not as now, with cities spreading round,
 And nature's products flowing from the ground—

With sheltering roofs, and plenty's genial smile,
With luscious boards, to nerve the arm for toil.

No spade nor plow had stirred the sleeping sod—
No white man's foot the turf had ever trod:
'Twas all a waste—lone, desolate and drear—
The savage roamed—the ericket chirruped here.

Exiled from home, a long and weary tread,
With meagre outfit—scanty was our bread:
Grim-faced necessity enforced a strife—
We battled with the elements, for life.

But God was with us, and His wisdom saved—
High, o'er our heads, the sacred Banner waved:
'Mid shouts of joy, I saw that Flag unfurled,
And wave, on mountain breezes, to the world.

'Tis waving yet. Forever shall it wave:
Beneath its spire, celestial Peace shall lave.
Hail, to the Banner of the brave and free!
All hail, to Union, Truth and Liberty!

HINTS AT MATTERS OF FACT.

Say, have we "fall'n on evil times"—a day
When inquisitions hold assumptive sway?
When law and equity are thrust aside,
And ermined eliques o'er right and justice ride?

What strange absurdity, 'twixt Church and State,
When office minions claim to legislate
In man's religious faith—whether expressed,
Or pent within the brain and non-confessed!
When, for opinion's sake, men must be shrived,
And of the right of citizenship deprived!

Say, who would pillage, rob or steal your purse?
Yet thrusts at conscience are grossly worse.

Mob raids—judicial raids—whatever name
May be applied, all raids are much the same;
Although an outrage might seem more polite
Committed in the day than in the night.

When human legislation seeks to grind
The conscience, and religion's form to bind;
We're fearful of results, for God overrules
The acts of men—the wicked are but tools
To fill a purpose in these latter days,
For even the wrath of man shall work His praise:
The wicked shall destroy the wicked, when
His vial'd wrath is poured on guilty men.

Can honor's badge—can honor's title screen
Dishonor's deeds and motives false and mean?
Though high officials prostitute their power—
Like vampires, peace and liberty devour;
Shall we the Constitution's rights forego?
Truth, Justice, Honor, Freedom, answer, NO !

Truth's mighty engine, placed upon the track
By God's decree, no power can force it back.
What! Stay Truth's onward progress? No! As soon
Extinguish yonder sun—blot out the moon—
Remove Earth from her orbit, and remove
The constellations from the arch above:
As well apply a puny, finite force
To stop the planets in their brilliant course.
As well might moles and bats the light defy,
And seek to pluck the sunbeams from the sky.
Truth's cause will triumph over all the powers
Of earth and hell. Ye Saints, THAT CAUSE IS OURS.

BLESSINGS FOR THE DEAD.

How happy the Saints who are faithful and true,
Who have kept their first love, and on earth do renew
The cov'nants they made in the regions above,
And are proving their faith by their labors of love.
They'll rejoice evermore in the Kingdom of God,
And obtain for reward, an eternal abode.

Rejoice, all ye dead, who the Truth have not heard;
In the spirit you'll learn all the power of His word,
And the vast prison-house shall be opened for you,
When you've paid the last mite for your sins justly
due.

In the mansions of peace, for the righteous prepared,
You'll live in the joys of eternal reward.

Be vigilant, then, all you faithful, to earn
What the dead are most anxiously waiting to learn;
Your trials, and patience, and sufferings, and loss,
Shall be gain in the end, if you bear off the cross;
And those who are saved shall extol God, the giver,
And shine like the stars in His kingdom forever.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently to your father,
He's toiling hard for you;
And gentle words will cheer his heart
When he has much to do.

Speak gently to your mother,
For she has given you birth:

She watched o'er you in infancy,
And now she guards your youth.

Speak gently to your sister,
The words of purest love;
And never let an angry word
The gentle spirit move.

Speak gently to your brother,
Whate'er his lot may be,
And ever his shortcoming, view
With heartfelt charity.

Speak gently to your fellow-man,
Of high or lowly birth;
Speak gently to him if he's poor,
Or rich in things of earth.

Speak gently unto every one,
Kind words will cost you nothing,
And every one will prove a star
In the crown of your rejoicing.

THE PUZZLE.

Around a table, strewn with books and toys,
There sat a merry group of noisy boys,
Half battling to display, with fingers swift,
A puzzle in a box—their father's gift.

With eager haste the lid is pulled aside;
Delighted with the game, as yet untried.
The box is searched, and busy hands begin
To seize upon the prizes packed within,
Each youngster confident of being able
To range the fragments scattered on the table

Into a pattern perfectly combined,
Such as the wise artificer designed.

But soon impatience deems the process slow—
Tempers are chafed and difficulties grow.

"I'm sure," shouts Tom, "that piece should fit in
there."

"It won't, then," Dick retorts, with snappish air.

"This bit's too short," pouts Jack, "and that's too
long."

"I'm certain," grumbles Bill, "the puzzle's wrong!"

Then Jack seeks help from Tom—Dick strives with
Bill—

Bed time is near—the puzzle puzzling still.

At length, when concord and content have fled,

"Let's *ask our father*, boys," cries little Ned.

The others yield to the suggestion bright:

Papa consulted, puts the puzzle right.

Life's puzzle is as difficult to man;

And he who cannot solve, arraigns its plan.

Each tries his own solution—vaunts his wit,

While others find the theory won't fit,

And substitute their own—all failures still,

But none believe the cause their lack of skill!

The puzzle must be wrong! They talk, they write—

Consult some fellow-child—grow cross and fight—

Pronounce the Maker but a poor designer,

And think they could have made a game much finer!

The "Little Neds," as wiser Christians do,

To solve life's puzzle, *ask their Father* too.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

When Jesus appeared as the Savior of men,
 His back to the smiters for Truth gave He then,
 That redemption and mercy to sinners might flow:
 Ah! then, all His work was—*a kiss for a blow.*

And onward His followers shared the same fate,
 While the spirit of Truth stemmed a world of fell
 hate:

Just so was it then—it will ever be so
 While falsehood can utter—*a kiss for a blow.*

Hark! a voice from on high, saying, "O Lord, how
 long?"

And on earth a loud cry of deep wailing and wrong;
 For the land's full of *robbery, violence and woe,*
 And the *causers* cry on—*give a kiss for a blow.*

Yet there will come a day when in wrath He'll de-
 vour,
 And He'll thrash them to dust with the rod of His
 power,
 Who now cry, "Lord, Lord," in tones mournfully low,
 And cheat, lie and preach—*give a kiss for a blow.*

If slander and falsehood were axioms of bliss;
 And a growl for a scowl, and kick for a kiss;
 Then sin, in its dark, native colors would glow,
 And we'd laugh when 'twas said—*give a kiss for a
 blow.*

But, alas, for the motto, "Put evil for good,"
 To say *well* and do *ill*, is now well understood:
 With words sweet and oily, and hearts cold as snow,
 The wicked can trump forth—*a kiss for a blow.*

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

On the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.

"Back to Spain!" cry his men; "Put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger or doubt."

"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
"Bear up, my brave comrades;—three days shall decide."

He sails,—but no token of land is in sight;
He sails,—but the day shows no more than the night;—
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down thro' a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder, which creaks 'mid the billowy roar;
The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes.
But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the
night,

Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.

"Columbus! 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er."

"Day! and what dost thou see?" "Sky and ocean—no
more!"

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.

"Shall he perish?" "Ay! death!" is the barbarous
cry;

"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must
die!"

Ungrateful and blind! Shall the world-linking sea
He traced for the future, his sepulchre be?

Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye
craves?

The corse of a humble adventurer then;
One day later, Columbus, the first among men!

But hush! he is dreaming! a veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now on his dreaming eye—rapturous sight!
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of
night!

O vision of glory—how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! How sparkle the streams!
How blue the far mountains! How glad the green
isles!

And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
“Joy! joy!” cries Columbus, “this region is mine!”
Ah! not e’en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

At length o’er Columbus, slow consciousness breaks,
“Land! land!” cry the sailors, “land! land!” he awakes;
He runs—yes! behold it!—it blesseth his sight—
The land! O, dear spectacle! transport! delight!
O, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne—
His king will repay all the ills he has known!
In exchange for a world, what are honors and gains?
Or a crown? But how *is* he rewarded?—*with chains!*

THE CHAMPION.

The Champion comes with piercing eye—
With bold and manly brow:
His lip has never quivered: Why?
He never broke a vow.

You see no cringing in his look—
No flinching and no fear:
And why? No bribe he ever took—
No flattery charms his ear.

He shows no terror in his hand—
No faltering in his tread:
He's formed the living to command,
And rule the mighty dead.

The same in person everywhere,
And champion all the while,
Tho' decked with gold and jewels rare,
Or clad in peasant style.

The soul of gifts he can dispense;
Mark well to whom he gives:
He smiles and wounded innocence
Looks up—revives and lives.

His whisper reaches every ear
From insect, up to God:
The nations all his voice shall hear—
The guilty feel his rod.

What means those accents swelling high?
His words in thunders roll:
A trembling shakes the earth and sky:
'Tis felt from pole to pole.

His finger on injustice laid,
And with a with'ring frown
He grasps his sword with sharpened blade,
And cuts oppression down.

Who is the noble Champion, who,
Alike in age and youth?
We love him, though his friends are few:
His name? all speak it, TRUTH.

PEACE IN THE STATES.

There's a pause—there's an ebb on the nation-tide—
There's a check on the reins of fratricide.

Hushed is the cannon's thundering roar,
And the clarion's sound is heard no more:
No more the shrill cry of "To arms! to arms!"
Stirs the feverish war-pulse with fresh alarms!
The brave warriors' chargers have ceased to tread,
With proud prancing step, over heaps of dead.

No more on the crimsoned battlefield,
In hostile dread array,
In armor equipped—with sword and shield,
And with hearts that yearn to slay;
Brother with brother—son with sire—
Kindred with kindred meet,
And kin against kin, with mortal ire,
The war-drum of battle, beat;
Who seemed, by mutual demon impulse, driven
To send each other, sword in hand, to heaven:
They all were "Christians"—by one faith endowed—
Prayed the same prayer—at the same altar bowed.

That awful scene has closed; and yet not all
Of sorrow ceases with that curtain's fall:
One peep behind the scenes, would much disclose,
Of bleeding anguish, and a world of woes:
The warm heart sickens at the distant view—
God help the widows and the orphans too;
And succor helpless innocence, and give
The pure in heart protective power to live;
E'en though corruption with its gold-gloved hand,
Should grasp the reins, and rule thro'out the land!

And now of boasted peace—pray tell
Where the pure goddess deigns to dwell:

Ye statesmen, if you'll tell us where
 Freedom is free, sweet peace dwells there:
 What truthful patriot would dare,
 Pointing to Congress, say, "'tis there?"
 If peace is there, it apes a mouse,
 In both the Senate and the House.

It is not altogether "a mouse in the wall,"
 'Tis a mouse in the sanetum and one in the hall—
 'Tis a mouse in the desk, and it nibbles the laws,
 And it nibbles the loek on the treasury's draws
 And it nibbles the vetoes, and nibbles the pleas,
 And would fain nibble Utah as mice nibble cheese;
 But for all of these nibblings, we'll give it ablution
 When it ceases to nibble the old Constitution.

They now name it peace, when the deadly strife
 Is over, which battles with life for life;
 But many dilemmas of various mixtures
 Are now interwove with our national fixtures.
 Office jugglers and swindlers with their vile horde
 Will entail worse mischief than fire and sword!

There's a time—it will come—when these evils will
 cease;
 From the throes of our nation the Phoenix of Peace
 Will come forth in proud triumph, and Liberty, then,
 Will with Justice and Truth, bless the children of
 men.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
 Where charity dwelleth, and virtue has birth,
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
 When the poor and the wretched shall ask and re-
 ceive?

Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Oh! search the wide world, wherever you can,
There is no open door for a *moneyless man*.

Go, look in your halls, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view.
Go there at the banquet and find, if you can,
Any welcoming smile for a *moneyless man*.

Go look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin.
Walk down the long aisles; see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a *moneyless man*.

Go look in your banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lie piles upon piles of the glittering ore;
Walk up to their counters—ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs shall grow old and your hair shall
 grow gray,
And you'll find at the bank, not one of the clan
With money to lend to a *moneyless man*.

Go look to your judge in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
While he frowns on the weak and smiles on the
 strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid

To render a verdict they've already made,
Go there in the court room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a *moneyless man*.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife that has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a "welcome" above for a *moneyless man*.

MAN CAPABLE OF HIGH DEVELOPMENTS.

Man's tide of existence is fearfully changed—
From God and from nature, how widely estranged!
Vice, dandled by custom, mocks nature's designs,
And existence decreases where virtue declines.

We wake into being—how helpless at birth!
How short, at the longest, our stay on the earth!
Too short to develop (we merely begin)
The germ of the Deity planted within.

As a father transmits from the father to son,
So God, our Creator, our Father, has done:
There's no attribute God, in His glorified form,
Possesses, but man, too, inherits the germ.

Though frail and imperfect, unlearned and unwise,
We're endowed with capacities needful to rise
From our embryo state, onward—upward—at length
To a fulness of knowledge—of wisdom and strength.

Man becomes his own agent, with freedom to choose,
With power to accept and with power to refuse;

With a future before him, the sequel of life,
To which this is a preface with consequence rife.

He may learn how to strengthen this life's feeble
chain,

And redeem the longevity man should obtain—
Develop capacity, greatness and worth,
By improving himself and improving the earth.

He should squander no talent, no health and no time;
All, all are important—age, manhood and prime:
As we sow we shall reap—what we earn we'll receive—
We'll be judged by our *works*, not by what we *believe*.

We now lay the foundations for what we shall be,
For life's current extends to Eternity's sea;
Whatever ennobles, debases, refines,
Around our hereafter, an impress entwines.

We're the offspring of God; shall we stoop to de-
grade

The form which at first in His image was made?
To honor our beings and callings, while here,
Secures an admission to life's higher sphere.

In the likeness of Deity, gracefully formed,
With His own noble attributes, richly adorned;
For a grand immortality man is designed—
Perfected in body, perfected in mind.

PARAPHRASE.

"And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."—REV. 21. 2.

See! yon atmosphere is parting—
See it roll in waves of blue
On either side, and brightly darting—
Glorious light is darting through.
What means this strange sight? Is old Nature un-
moulding,
And the elements flying away with affright?
Are the heavenly regions their secrets unfolding
And the upper eternity heaving in sight?
See a glorious form appearing—
Vastly broad—inimmensely high;
And its shining course is steering
Through the conduit of the sky.
'Tis the holy Jerusalem—city of splendor—
The joy of the Saints and the glory of God:
All glorious within—with unparallded grandeur,
The rays of its light are diverging abroad.
Who'll obtain the priceless favor
Of entrance in this perfect dome?
In the presence of the Savior
Find an everlasting home?
O how happy are they who have kept His command-
ments,
For they shall have right to the fair tree of life—
Through the gates of the City they freely shall enter,
Secure from corruption, commotion and strife.

IMMORTALITY.

Yes, Immortality: That bosom word,
 To me, has inspiration in it. Love
 Of life is innate in the human soul:
 'Tis interwoven in our natures. 'Twas
 Decreed in the grand council of the Gods,
 When canvassing the great eternal scheme
 Concerning destinies of man on earth,
 That mankind should inherit love of life;
 Else, man, grown weary of a world of woes
 And fickle tides of happiness, would haste
 To make his exit, and e'en God Himself
 Had failed to keep enough, as instruments
 On earth, to execute His purposes.

Thus death, the happy counterpoise to life,
 Has long been branded with fell hideousness—
 False-styled "the king of terrors," "monster,"
 "fiend,"

"Insatiate archer," and whole catalogues
 Of horrid names, to form a barrier
 Of fear, lest man, with suicidal hand,
 Should clip the brittle thread of life, and rush,
 In multitudes, into Eternity.

Christ conquered death: And to the Saints of God,
 Who live to do His will, death has no sting;
 'Tis a kind porter to admit us where
 A realm of light and beauty shines around—
 A world of glorious Immortality!
 A world? Yes, worlds of vast immensity.
 And what of us? To be *our very selves*,
 Free from all imperfections consequent
 Upon the curse entailed through Adam's Fall—
 To enjoy life's sweet associations—those

Of parents, children, husbands, wives and friends—
With Gods and Goddesses—with the noblesse
Of all eternities, and freely bask
In full, bright sunbeams of intelligence,
With legal access to its flowing fount—
A life divested of mortality,
Yet life, as real as existence here.

Thanks be to God, there is an end decreed
To human sorrow, pain and misery;
I aim—I live for immortality,
Life, knowledge, bliss—without one stopping-point.

A thought that I should ever *cease to be*,
Would paralyze all other thoughts—would dim
The brightest beams of joy, and would crush out
Each holy aspiration of the heart—
Eradicate that precious organ, hope—
Embargo enterprise, and dry up all
The tributary streams of happiness.

There's nothing short of Immortality
Can satisfy the earnest cravings of
That spark of pure divinity, which God
Implanted as the fine, constituent part
Of beings, organized with attributes
Like His—the germ of an Eternal Life.

Crown of all wisdom—sum of good to man—
Scheme of the Gods—redemption's glorious plan;
This, through the resurrection's power, combines
Immortal bodies and immortal minds.

MUSIC OF LABOR.

(To be recited in a stirring manner.)

The banging of the hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears
The driving of the awl:
These sounds of noble industry,
I love—I love them all.

The clinking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard stick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle
(When no bright cheek it pales),
The humming of the cooking stove,
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call—

These sounds of active industry
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft repeated shout,
Spurring his stock along,
The bustling of the market-man
As he hies him up the town,
The hallo from the tree-top
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers
As they clean the gathered grain,
The husker's joke and catch of glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of pleasant industry
I love—I love them all.

CAMP OF ISRAEL.

*(Leaving the first encampment after crossing the
Mississippi, in 1846.)*

Lo! a mighty host of Jacob,
Tented on the western shore
Of the noble Mississippi,
Bravely they'd been crossing o'er.
At the last day-dawn of winter,
Bound with frost, and wrapped in snow,
Hark! the cry is "Onward! Onward!
Camp of Israel! rise and go."

All at once is life and motion;
 Trunks and beds and baggage fly;
 Oxen yoked and horses harnessed,
 Tents rolled up, are passing by:
 Soon the earriage wheels are moving
 Onward to a woodland dell,
 Where, at sunset all are quartered:
 Camp of Israel! all is well.

Thickly 'round, the tents are elustered,
 Neighboring smokes together blend:
 Supper served, the hymns are ehanted
 And the evening prayers aseend.
 Last of all, the guards are stationed—
 Heavens! must guards be serving here?
 Who would harm the houseless exiles?
 Camp of Israel! never fear.

Where is Freedom? Where is Justice?
 Both have from the nation fled;
 And the blood of martyred prophets,
 Must be answered on its head!
 Therefore to your tents, O, Jaeob!
 Like our father Abra'm dwell:
 God will exeecute His purpose—
 Camp of Israel! all is well.

SONG OF PRAISE.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
 Who reigns above the sky!
 How shall a ehild presume to sing
 His glorious majesty?

How great His power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace;
Not men below, nor Saints that dwell
On high before His face.

Not angels that stand 'round the Lord,
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offering bring:
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys;
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a youthful voice.

MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day—
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, Thy early Grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain!

EVENING SONG.

Our Heavenly Father, we will sing
To Thee a song of praise:
Accept our simple offering,
And hear our childish lays.
If, in the day that's past and gone,
We did Thy Spirit grieve,
We, in the name of Thy dear Son,
Do pray thou wilt forgive.

We thank Thee for the tender care
That watched life's infant thread;
Else, we had now been sleeping where
The tombstones mark the dead.
We thank Thee for the food we eat,
And for the clothes we wear:
We thank Thee that our pulses beat
In this pure mountain air.

And when we lay us down to rest,
We pray Thee, safely keep;
That thro' the night we may be blest
With sweet refreshing sleep.
And when the morn salutes the skies,
With life and vigor blest,
May we with gratitude arise,
And thank Thee for our rest.

We praise Thy name that we were born
In days when prophets live;

And pray that we may never scorn
The counsels they shall give.
Prolong our lives in righteousness
The path of life to tread,
And in Thy kingdom, work, to bless
The living and the dead.

THE JOVIAL FARMER BOY.

(Speak with boldness and spirit.)

A jovial farmer boy I'll be,
As free as birds that sing;
I'll carol forth my songs of glee
Among the flow'rs of spring.
With "Whoop-ho-hoy!" to drive my team
Before the rising sun—
To drink and lave in the silver stream—
Will be my morning fun.
No place for me the crowded town,
With pavements hard and dry;
With lengthened streets of dusty brown,
And gloomy houses nigh.
I'll go and come, a farmer's boy,
From city perils free;
I'll crack my whip, and "Whoop-ho-hoy!"
A farmer boy I'll be.

THE LIKENESS.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife,
Fresh as if touched by fairy hand,
With beauty, grace and life.

He almost thought it spoke: he gazed
Upon the treasure still;
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,
He viewed the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."

"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why no, my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all like me."

THE OLD HAT.

Now look at this hat! Is it fit to be seen,
All battered, and tattered and torn?
I can't go to Main Street to get an ice cream—
I declare it is not to be borne.

Nay, mother, you need not be shaking your head,
And looking as much as to say,
That you think I am careless, and all about that,
In your solemn, but good natured way.

To be sure, I have kicked it about for a ball,
And stuffed it with ginger cakes, too;
And once let it drop into Bennett's mill pond,
While paddling in William's canoe.

And once, I remember, I felt very dry,
And just filled it up at the pump;
And once I was hunting with Sally for eggs,
And gave it a terrible thump.

This dent in the top was an accident, ma,
And that cut on the edge was another;
And this stain was the physic you gave me one day,
And that hole I got playing with brother.

Master Robert called yesterday, dressed quite in style,
And asked me to go out and ride;
But I had to say no, for a terrible sight
My old hat would have been by his side.

And Miss Emma came, too, that sweet little girl,
And I wanted to see her home so,
With her nice little bonnet all trimmed up with blue,
But how shabby I looked for a beau!

O, dear, I must, as I have done before,
Since dollars appear very few;
But I tell you when once I get rid of this hat,
I intend to take care of the new.

DO AND DARE.

Dare to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down—
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare tho preeless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you think wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare the voice of God obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what wisdom says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty and be blest.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

There's beauty in the human face—
Beauty of motion, form and grace—
Beauty of innocence and youth—
Beauty of lips that speak the truth.

There's beauty in the running stream
That sparkles in the sun's bright beam;
There's beauty in the clouds that fly
In fleecy sheets across the sky.

There's beauty in the tiny wave,
Where moving waters gently lave;
There's beauty in the dashing flow,
When cataracts melt in foam below.

There's beauty in the grassy blade
That decks the spacious summer glade;
And in the wild flower's peerless bloom,
That fills the air with sweet perfume.

There's beauty in the aerial bow,
Which God has set above to show
The world will not be drowned again,
But to the burning-day remain.

There's beauty in the starry night,
And in the morning's golden light;
There's beauty in the sun's first rays
And in its noontide burnished blaze.

The stars that twinkle in the sky
Are gems of beauty placed on high:
Go where we will—look here and there,
And beauty meets us everywhere.

FOR EVERYBODY.

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill,
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own—
And on *my* heart the care bestow,
And let my friend's alone.

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying!
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Tho' the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was just passing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for it, I am told."

"Ah, friend," said the bee, "it is all very true,
But were I half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love me no better than you."

"You can boast a fine shape, and a delicate wing,
You are perfectly handsome, but yet there's one thing
That can't be put up with, and that is your sting."

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a useful and innocent bee."

From this little story, young people, beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured you are,
You'll never be loved, though you're ever so fair.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Though I'm now in younger days,
And cannot tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness:
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

When I see the blind or lame—
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them:
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues
I will not return their railing;
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low or poor,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat and pure,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humors and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Tho' it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
As to have no fear of dying.



OUR AIMS.

The fleeting hours of childhood
And youth, are golden hours,
In which we lay foundations
For manhood's noble powers.

In them we form the habits
Which mark our future years,
Which fill the heart with gladness,
Or wet the cheek with tears.

That we obey our parents,
And give them honor due,
Is God's command, with promise
Of life and blessings too.

We'll seek, while scenes of childhood
And youth are moving on,
To store our minds with wisdom,
And cherish reason's dawn.

We'll shun each evil practice,
And set our standard high,
And God will help us reach it,
If we are prompt to try.

The good, the wise and noble
We'll strive to emulate;
And if we're great in goodness,
We shall be truly great.

HOW TO CURE A COUGH.

One Biddy Brown, a country dame,
As 'tis by many told,
Went to a doctor—Drench by name—
For she had eaught a cold.

And sad indeed was Biddy's pain,
The truth must be confessed,
Which she to ease found all in vain,
For it was in her chest.

The doctor heard her case, and then
Determined to assist her,
Prescribed—O tenderest of men!—
Upon her *chest*, a blister!

Away went Biddy, and next day
She called on Drench again.
“Well, have yon used the blister, pray,
And has it eased your pain?”

“Ah, zur,” the dame with eurtsey cries,
“Indeed, I never mocks;
But, bless ye! I’d no *chest* the size,
So I put it on a *box*.

“But la! zur, it be little use,
It never rose a bit;
And you may see it if you choost;
For *there it’s sticking yet!*”

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

(*With vigor.*)

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about you for employ!
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.

Folded hands are ever weary—
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for you has many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway:
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.

As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened earth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary:
Drop the tear of sympathy—

Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and your reward shall be
Joy unto your soul returning;
From the perfect fountain head,
Freely, as you've freely given,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

WE SHALL KNOW.

(This poem may be recited in two lessons.)

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray—
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just;
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,—

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly—
We should trust them day by day,
Never love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love, beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning;
And the mists have cleared away.

A WORD.

A word may seem a little thing,
Yet, simple tho' it be,
It can impart a bitter sting,
Or fire the soul with glee,

How often has the joy-lit eye
Been caused to drop a tear—
The heart to heave a bitter sigh,
By language too severe !

'Thought, reason, wisdom e'er employ
Ere words escape your tongue:
Rob not your brother's heart of joy
By poisoned arrows flung.

But think how you yourself would feel,
Should others make a dart,
And tear a wound you fain would heal,
In some most tender spot.

'The thoughtless word may chance crush down
Hearts battling 'gainst despair;
And add fresh impulse to the frown
Misfortune planted there;

Or, like cold winter's blighting breath,
That blasts the budding flowers;
And smites the lovely germ with death,
Before its sweet is ours.

Let peace and love, as known above,
Our hearts and bosoms swell;
And each rejoice to raise his voice
His brother's joys to tell.

TRUTH BETTER THAN FICTION.

Do not indulge the gifted pen
To float through fiction's fairy field—
To chant the deeds of fabled men,
And weave the garland phantoms yield.

Truth has gay arbors crowned with love—
Broad fields where pleasure gambols free,
And deeps where shrouded spirits move,
And heights of folded mystery.

And there are pearls of dazzling hue
In wisdom's deep, unfathomed sea:
Fair gems, the paths of virtue, strew,
Surpassing those of mimicry.

And *real life* has rich romance,
Which fancy's touch cannot enhance;
And sad existence often swells
The tragic tales that fiction tells.

Shall the bright sun of reason fade,
And sink in fancy's mystic shade?
Shall bold realities retire
Before imagination's fire?
Or, shall a lofty genius bow
To twine around its noble brow
A garland from inferior soil,
When half the culture—half the toil,

If spent in truth's luxuriant field,
Would rich, unfading laurels yield?
Would reap celestial diadems,
Emblazoned with immortal gems?

Ye favored ones, who sit beneath
The glorious Gospel's heavenly sound;

Crave not the pebbles on the heath—
Nor wish to tread forbidden ground.

Waste not the gifts which God has given,
On worthless things beneath your care;
But let your genius soar to heaven,
And bask in beams of glory there.

ANNIE'S SYMPATHY.

Little Annie clung to her mother's side,
And the tear-drops stood in her eye,
As she saw the earth wrapped in its wintry pride,
And heard the cold blast move by.

The mother said, as she kissed her child,
"My darling has nothing to fear;
Though the storm without is fierce and wild,
It never can enter here.

"Our house is beautiful, nice and warm,
With the fire's bright, cheerful blaze:
Your father provides for you well; like a charm
You shall spend the wintry days."

"Yes, mother, your child knows your words are true,"
The dear, loving Annie replied,
"I have all that I need—I have father and you,
By whom all my wants are supplied.

"But I'm thinking of poor little Carrie and Ned:
Their house is so shabby and old;
Their mother is sick, and their father dead,
And I think they are hungry and cold.

"They live in that house by the big tall oak,
Which the frost and winds have made bare:

I've watched the chimney and see no smoke
Rise up on the stormy air.

No kind father's step is ever heard
On that threshold where orphans tread—
No father's lip with a loving word,
Nor his hand to provide them bread."

This short speech was made without guile or art—
'Twas love's sweet, innocent strain;
The appeal was made to a mother's heart,
And it was not made in vain.

The mother in haste enveloped her form,
With sympathy warm in her breast;
Kissed the daughter good-bye, and braved the storm,
To relieve the poor and distressed.

Her purse was large and her hand not slack,
And that old house was filled with joy;
And Annie's heart, when her mother came back,
Beat with pleasure without alloy.

WHAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL?

In Nature's bow'rs 'tis sweet to sing
The waking loveliness of Spring,
When flow'ry nations, rising forth,
Perfume the air and deck the earth.

How charming is the morning ray
That ushers in the blaze of day!
How beauteous is the op'ning flower
That decorates the vernal bower.

But what is more delightful far
Than Spring and morn and flow'rets are,

Is youth that early seeks to God
And spreads the Gospel's light abroad.

When youthful graces sweetly join,
And with religion's charms combine—
With faith and hopes that upward tend,
How grand the aim—how great the end !

And if there's aught beneath the sun
That angels love to look upon,
'Tis when the youthful pow'rs of mind
Are to the work of God inclined.

Let scorn unveil its vulgar art—
Let pale-faced envy point its dart;
My heart is fix'd, a crown to gain
Where God and Christ in glory reign.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

(Solemnly and tenderly.)

Abou Ben Adhem (may his like increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a rose in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in his room, he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheer'ly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with great awak'ning light,
And showed the names of those whom God had blest,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

A PRECIOUS JEWEL.

There is a precious jewel,
Of worth and beauty rare;
And one that's not too costly
For every one to wear.

Of all the golden treasures
Which kings and princes boast,
This single, lovely jewel
Is worth, by far, the most.

Inward, as well as outward,
This jewel must be hung;
And when the lips are open,
'Twill ornament the tongue.

No one should be without it,
Either on land or sea;
But keep it ever with you
Wherever you may be.

If you all learn to value
This jewel, when you're small,
You're pretty sure to prize it
When you are large and tall.

And when the heart and bosom,
This jewel shall encase,
The tongue conveys its lustre,
And beautifies the face.

It is a gem of friendship,
 Embossed with confidence—
 A shining badge of honor
 Untrammelled with pretence.

Its name—can no one guess it—
 This prize for age and youth?
 I'll tell you! Can you speak it?
 All speak it with me—TRUTH.

(*All should say truth in concert.*)

THE ASSASSINATION OF GENERALS JOSEPH SMITH AND HYRUM SMITH.

*First Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-
 day Saints.*

WHO WERE MASSACRED BY A MOB IN CARTHAGE,
 HANCOCK COUNTY, ILL., ON THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1844.

And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar
 the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the
 testimony which they held:

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord
 holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them
 that dwell on the earth?

And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it
 was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season,
 until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be
 killed as they were, should be fulfilled.—*Rev.* vi, 9, 10, 11.

Ye heavens, attend! Let all the earth give ear!
 Let Gods and seraphs, men and angels hear:
 The worlds on high—the Universe shall know
 What awful scenes are acted here below!

Had nature's self a heart, her heart would bleed
At the recital of so foul a deed;
For never, since the Son of God was slain,
Has blood so noble flowed from human vein,
As that which now on God for vengeance calls
From "freedom's" ground—from Carthage prison
walls.

Oh, Illinois! thy soil has drunk the blood
Of Prophets, martyred for the truth of God.
Once-loved America! what can atone
For the pure blood of innocence thou'st sown?

Were all thy streams in teary torrents shed
To mourn the fate of those illustrious dead,
How vain the tribute for the noblest worth
That graced thy surface, O degraded earth!

Oh, wretched murd'ers, fierce for human blood!
You've slain the Prophets of the living God,
Who've borne oppression from their early youth,
To plant on earth the principles of truth.

Shades of our patriot fathers! can it be,
Beneath your blood-stained flag of Liberty,
The firm supporters of our country's cause
Are butchered while submissive to her laws?
Yes, blameless men, defamed by hellish lies,
Have thus been offered as a sacrifice,
T' appease the ragings of a brutish clan,
That has defied the laws of God and man!
'Twas not for crime or guilt of theirs they fell:
Against the laws they never did rebel.
True to their country, yet her plighted faith
Has proved an instrument of cruel death!

Great men have fallen, mighty men have died—
Nations have mourned their fav'rites and their pride:

But TWO so wise, so virtuous, and so good,
Before, on earth, at once, have never stood
Since the creation—men whom God ordained
To publish truth where error long had reigned;
Of whom the world itself unworthy proved:
It KNEW THEM NOT; but men with hatred moved,
And with infernal spirits, have combined
Against the best, the noblest of mankind!

Oh, persecution! shall thy purple hand
Spread utter desolation through the land?
Shall Freedom's banner be no more unfurl'd?
Has peace indeed been taken from the world?

Thou God of Jacob, in this trying hour
Help us to trust in thy Almighty power—
Support thy Saints beneath this awful stroke,
Make bare thine arm to break oppression's yoke.

We mourn thy Prophet, from whose lips have flowed
The words of life thy Spirit has bestowed—
A depth of thought no human art could reach,
From time to time rolled in sublimest speech,
From thy celestial fountain, through his mind,
To purify and elevate mankind:
The rich intelligence by him brought forth
Is like the sunbeam spreading o'er the earth.

Now Zion mourns—she mourns an earthly head:
Her Prophet and her Patriarch are dead!
The blackest deed that men and devils know
Since Calv'ry's scene, has laid the brothers low!
One while in life, and *one* in death, they proved
How strong their friendship—how they truly loved:
True to their mission until death they stood,
Then sealed their testimony with their blood.

All hearts with sorrow bleed, and every eye
Is bathed in tears, each bosom heaves a sigh,

Heart-broken widows' agonizing groans
Are mingled with the helpless orphans' moans.

Ye Saints! be still, and know that God is just—
With steadfast purpose in His promise trust:
Girded with sackcloth, own His mighty hand,
And wait His judgments on this guilty land!
The noble Martyrs now have gone to move
The cause of Zion in the Courts above.

DIALOGUES.

WHY DO YOU SMOKE?

George and Charles together—the latter with a half-used cigar in his hand—John enters, and they say “Good morning.”

George. Do you smoke, John?

John I'm learning—was most sick all last week, but begin to feel a little better.

Charles. I learned about a month ago. I was so sick for a week, that I thought I should die.

G. Well, if you had a sister like Mary to take you over the coals, I guess you would not enjoy smoking

much. Here she comes, see if she does not open the batteries on you.

(*Mary enters.*)

Mary. Good morning, boys. Fine weather.

J. Splendid.

C. Magnificent.

M. What, Charles; you smoking? Well, I declare, I am astonished.

C. Astonished, hey? Why so? Don't everybody smoke?

M. No everybody don't smoke; and if they did, that would be no reason why you should. Suppose everybody should put their fingers in the fire and get burned, would you follow their example? And if you did, would the smart be less because others suffered too?

C. Oh, but smoking and putting your fingers into the fire are very different.

M. Not so very different, after all. No need of doing either. There is no reason for not putting your fingers into the fire, that would not apply to smoking.

J. Please tell us, Miss Philosopher, how you make that out. I can't see it in *that* light.

M. That's because the air about you is apt to be *smoky*.

J. Don't twit a fellow in that way, please—it makes him see things in a blue light.

M. If I could only make you see things in a right light, I should be ever so glad; but boys are so unyielding, I am afraid it will do no good to talk to you.

C. Attention, all. Now please to proceed with your facts. We are all ears.

J. At least, *you* seem well provided for in that direction, George.

C. Yes, give us your objections to tobacco.

M. First, then, it is a filthy weed, and the lips, breath and the entire person become saturated with it in a little while, and the person who uses it soon seems like a walking tobacco box. I'd almost as soon have a pole-eat in the place as a real old smoker; and I give you fair warning, brother George, of what you may expect if you use the weed.

G. Whew! That's a little rough, Mary.

C. Proceed, Miss Radical, to objection number two.

M. Wait till I finish number one, before you confer any more titles, Master Charles. Smoking generally leads to chewing, and, I think, opens the way to drinking, too. I never knew a drunkard that did not use tobacco. Secondly, it is expensive. Most smokers use at least three cigars a day, costing from five to twenty-five cents each. (*Takes out paper and pencil.*) Now, suppose Charles begins this morning, smokes three cigars each day, costing ten cents each (*begins to make figures*), for a year; it will then amount to \$109.50. Let him spend this amount yearly, reckoning no interest, and in forty years the sum will amount to \$4,380.

C. You don't say so! Is it possible? Haven't you made some mistake?

M. No, figures don't lie, Charlie, and I've east them up carefully.

C. Well, I could hardly believe it! I never thought of the cost before.

M. Thirdly, it is injurious to the health. I read the other day that it softens the brain and bones, deranges the stomach and nerves, and shortens life.

J. My brain is soft enough now.

M. Fourthly, it is a foolish habit. To spend money and time in smoking and injuring your health, is as near the height of absurdity as my idea can reach.

The man who describes a cigar as a "roll of tobacco, with a fire at one end and a fool at the other," hits the nail on the head, exactly.

J. Aren't you bearing down a little hard, Mary?

M. The boy who will make himself deadly sick for a week or more, learning this foolish habit, deserves to be borne down upon, I think. Of all the animals in creation, man and the monkey are the only ones that will take tobacco.

G. Ha! ha! boys, that is what I call a sly dig. Only think of you two boys making monkeys of yourselves! Ha! ha! ha!

C. Please tell us, Miss Severity, what tobacco was made for?

M. Another title added to the list. But I will answer your question by asking another: What were arsenic, dogwood and other poisonous things made for?

G. Not to chew or smoke, certainly--that is easily answered.

M. Yes, and Master Charles' question can be more satisfactorily answered than that; for the Lord has given the answer by revelation.

J. Has the Lord said anything about tobacco?

C. Do you think that God pays any attention to such things?

M. We read in the Bible that anciently He talked of the most common things of life to the people of Israel, and that "He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." And in His revelations to us He says that "tobacco is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill." Page 203, Doctrine and Covenants.

C. I wonder why I never read that! Mary, that is enough for me. Good-bye to cigars forever.

J. Well, Charles, I think your example is good, and I think I have manhood enough to follow it. I

don't class myself with "sick cattle" after this; and I do not intend to trifle with the revelations of God. Instead of buying cigars, I will buy the "Doctrine and Covenants," and study it. Thanks to you, Mary.

THE THREE SIEVES.

Child. O mother! do hear what a tale I've heard,
So bad I can scarce believe!

Mother. Stop, stop, my child! not a single word,
Till we sift it through the sieve.

Child. "The sieve?" The meaning of what you've
said

I certainly do not know.

Mother. The *Sieve of Truth*; through its golden thread
Are you sure the story will go?

Child. No, not quite sure; but you must believe—
It is told all over town!

Mother. Stop, stop, my child! thro' another sieve
Let us sift this matter down.

Child. "Another sieve?" What can it be?
You certainly make me laugh!

Mother. The *silver* sieve—Is it kind? Let's see
If it leaves us grain or chaff.

Child. No, not quite kind; but cannot I
Tell my mother the worst or best?

Mother. Stop, stop! by the *iron* sieve, we'll try
One more, and a final test.

Child. And what is the iron sieve? full well
Its test I would like to know.

Mother. It is this, my child: *Is there need to tell?*
If not, let the story go.

Child. It is *needless to tell—may not be true,*
And I'm sure *it is not kind.*

Mother. Then I'd let it go, if I were you,
Like the chaff before the wind.

SUNDAY EXCURSION.

Lucy. O Anna, what a jolly time we had! Why
wasn't you there?

Anna. Pray tell 'when, and where, you had such a
wonderful time.

Lucy. Last Sunday, at the lake side. We took the
morning train and were gone all day, and we had so
much fun! Didn't we, John?

John. I should think we did! And there was such
a lot—it seemed as if everybody was there.

Anna. And did they all enjoy themselves?

John. I saw a few that didn't seem to, and I heard
Mary and George say they felt guilty to be there, but
I don't see why they should. Here comes George; he
can answer for himself.

(*Enter George.*)

George. What is it?

Lucy. We were talking of that excursion last Sun-
day.

George. If I keep my senses, that is the *first*, and it shall be the *last* excursion I ever take on Sunday. I felt ashamed then, and have felt guilty ever since.

Anna. I am glad to hear you say so, George. I do not know what would tempt me to go on a pleasure excursion on Sunday.

Lucy. Why not, Anna? What more harm could there be in going on Sunday than on any other day?

Anna. The Lord has commanded His people to keep that day holy, and I think these pleasure excursions on the Sabbath are in open defiance of that commandment.

Lucy. I have never thought children must keep the Sabbath. I thought that was for grown folks, and I would like to know if we haven't a right to enjoy ourselves. What do you think of it, Mary?

Mary. Yes, indeed we have; but to secure the highest enjoyment possible we must keep the commandments of God; and I think it is my duty to keep the Sabbath, just as much as it is for old people. I did not think what I was doing when I started out on that excursion; but when I began to think how I was away from Sunday School, and from the meeting and the holy Sacrament, I was wretched. And then to see the frolicking and hear the fun! It was like daggers to my conscience. And now, to know that I must give an account for spending that day! Oh, dear! dear! dear!

John. Why, Mary, do you think we shall have to answer for everything we do?

Mary. I really think so, John.

John. Anna, what do you think about it? Who is going to remember everybody's doings?

Anna. Joseph Smith, the Prophet, said that what is here in this world is a similitude of what is in the other, and as there are clerks to keep accounts here,

they have them there; and we know they have books, for the Bible speaks of the books being opened, and of the dead being judged out of those books; and that every one shall be judged according to his works. I think that records are kept of all we do and say, for the Lord said, "for every idle word, that men shall speak, will I bring them into judgment."

John. Well, after this, I shall go to Sunday School and to the Primary meetings, and try to learn something.

Mary. That is right. Although you are quite young, you have commenced your record for eternity. You, each one, will form your own characters, either for good or for evil, and what you do now, is laying the foundation for your future lives. If you want to be great, you must be good—if you want to be good and great, you must lay a solid foundation. A flimsy one will not support a noble structure.

Anna. Mary, I thank you—you have spoken my thoughts and sentiments exactly. Come, Lucy, John and all of us—let us set out to-day with a firm resolution to become eminently good and useful men and women. I do not mean that we shall shun amusement; but let us be sure that we choose proper time and places for our amusements, so that we shall not break any of God's commandments, and can ask His blessing on all we do. Let us store our minds with useful intelligence, and, while young, become wise in the things of God.

Lucy. Anna and Mary, I just begin to see how foolish I have been! I thank you for what you have said. I almost shudder to think of last Sabbath! How shall I meet it in the judgment day? I hope God will forgive me, and please, do you all forgive me, and let me be one with you in seeking after wisdom, and, as Saints of God, trying to do His will.

A MISSION.

Will. Why, what is wrong? You look so glum and sad?

Do tell me, Frank, I hope 'tis nothing bad.

Frank. Nothing is wrong, except that you and I
Soon have to part, our school vacation's near;
Not that I'm vexed the holidays are nigh.
But you will have to stay at home I fear.
I feel so bad that I could really cry,
Only 'twould look so girlish and so queer,
For you have always been so kind to me—
Have helped me with my tasks, so cheerfully;
And though you're big, you never try to tease
Like some who use the small ones as they please.

W. Ah, yes, I soon must say a long good bye
To you, and much in which I take delight;
But, then, you've other friends as good as I.
Don't feel so blue, you come along all right,
The best of friends must part, when duty calls
In this direction one, in that another;
Lads cannot linger long in learning's halls,
Whose mission 'tis to help a widowed mother.

F. I thought a mission was to preach the Gospel
To strangers in a far-off distant land.
Is it a mission just to help one's mother?
Is it right to give our work a name so grand?

W. Yes, unto both your questions, truly boy—
I have a sacred mission to fulfil,
Surely to fill the widow's heart with joy,
To help the needy, must be Father's will;
And this the Testament most plainly tells,
"That all who will not for their own provide

Shall be accounted worse than infidels,
And from the faith they'll surely turn aside."
The man who cares not to maintain his household,
The lad who would not labor for his mother,
Will never be a credit to God's kingdom;
Nor would they be much use to any other.

F. But then you know this is the latter-day;
Young men must go on missions, so they say.

W. The Gospel must be preached in every land
To every nation, 'tis the Lord's command.
The Saints must warn the world of judgments near,
If of their blood we'd have our garments clear.
I may be called, and so I mean to take
"Time by the forelock," careful be and steady,
That when I go my mother need not make
More sacrifices than she has already.
I'm sure that mother will not hold me back;
Whene'er I go, her blessing will attend me.
But if I let her every comfort lack,
The authorities might well be loth to send me.

F. I wonder, Will, if in the future ever
We shall be called to go, and work together?

W. To work with friends in any case is pleasant;
More so, when in our hands we'll have to take
Our very lives, as all must do at present,
Who dare be zealous for the Gospel's sake.
You know Christ said, "His followers should be hated,
Driven from place to place, from door to door."
Such treatment have the Saints anticipated,
Such they receive, as did the Saints of yore;
But what of that, I trust we may not falter
If Truth's worst enemies their worst should do;
If called to lay our lives upon the altar,
May you and I e'en unto death be true.

F. I hope, indeed, that I may sooner die
Than turn a traitor and the truth deny.

W. Perhaps our lot is otherwise decreed;
We may not even go to distant lands;
If not, we've missions plentiful indeed,
Right in our midst, for willing hearts and hands.

F. I guess my mission, until I'm a man
Will be to learn and study all I can.
My chance is good, our folks are well to do;
I ought to study and be thankful, too.

W. Indeed you ought, and more than grateful be
For such a splendid opportunity;
With time and means your own to freely use,
You can be wise and useful if you choose,
For time and means are helpful ladders each,
And by their aid we can the easier reach
Points unattainable, or slowly gained
By those who are through circumstance restrained,
Whom Fortune lifts aloft, or helps to climb,
Ought to be filled with gratitude sublime;
And such should make their mark, should earn re-
nown,
And lend a hand to others lower down.

F. I think that for the poor the rich should care,
And from their great abundance something spare.

W. I'm sure the rich would oftener help the poor
If they but sensed what want must needs endure;
But Want is diffident—keeps out of sight,
And sooner than be snubbed would starve outright.
Wealth feels at ease, and with familiar grace
Is very much at home in any place.
Yet Wealth and Want have trials and blessings, too,
Or poor or rich can be to conscience true.
The rich who need not delve for daily bread
Are often into sad excesses led;
The poor, by poverty, are oft protected
From much that is of wealth and power expected;

And so, whichever is our lot, 'tis best
To be content and feel that we are blest.

F. I will be thankful, for it seems to me
I've lots of blessings more than some I see.
I hope indeed that God will help my plan
That I may yet become a useful man.

W. Frank, every reasoning soul an influence
wields
For good or ill, and we should hold in trust
This mighty power, for one and all must yield
A strict account of this to God the just.
Even a school boy can his mates inspire,
And by his good example lift them higher;
Just as a school boy that is mean and base
Can oft inveigle others in disgrace.

F. Bad company, I've heard my mother say,
Too often leads good hearted folks astray.
" 'Tis best to overcome the bad with good."
I hope I may; I'd like to if I could.

W. Choose well your friends from e'en the very
best,
Nor place a serpent right within your breast;
Yet if one soul from doing wrong you lead,
You'll be a missionary blest indeed.

F. Why that's just so. I'll think of all you say,
And set a good example every day.

W. Ask God to always help you; if we lean
Entirely on ourselves, we're apt to fall;
But if our hearts are true, God looks therein,
And loves to answer when for help we call.
We must be guided by His wise tuition,
We must desire to know whate'er is right,
And every day will bring to us a mission,
Some good that we must do with all our might.

MEETING.

Nellie. O, Annie, I am so glad to meet you; I want you to go down town with me.

Annie. I am very sorry, but I cannot go with you now.

Nellie. What is there to hinder? your school is out.

Annie. Yes, but this is Primary meeting day, and it is almost time to go.

Nellie. O, dear! I never saw such a girl—always engaged!

Annie. Must you go to-day?

Nellie. Yes; to-morrow is my cousin Lucy's birthday, and I want to purchase a few articles for the occasion, and I must do it to-day.

Annie. Our meeting is only one hour: couldn't we go after meeting?

Nellie. It would be too late. I think you might go with me now. What if you do miss one meeting.

Annie. Nellie, I never miss a meeting if I can help it. If mother was sick, or if I was so sick that I could not go, of course I should stay away. But we are taught that punctuality creates confidence, and I want to gain the confidence of all good people, and I must begin while I am young.

Nellie. Well, I don't want to be tied to anything. I want my liberty—go to meeting when I feel like it, and stay away when I please. I have been to the Primary meetings a few times, but I don't see any good in it.

Annie. To find good, we must seek for it, and we must be in earnest. If I didn't go to our meetings

more than you do, I should not get any more good from them than you get.

Nellie. What good do you get there, I would like to know.

Annie. My dear Nellie, you and I were born heirs to all of the blessings of the Gospel, for which our fathers and mothers have suffered so much; but we must live for the blessings and seek for them, or we shall not have them.

Nellie. Well, what have the Primary meetings to do with that?

Annie. The girls and boys that are punctual to the meetings, are learning to exercise in our religion; we pray, after the meeting is opened by singing; and, when called upon, we close by prayer. We rise up and speak, and we are taught to read and recite correctly. We are taught to exercise faith in God, and to administer to the sick; and O, Nellie, God does hear our prayers, and the sick are healed, when we children administer to them.

Nellie. How strange! I remember when I was at meeting, the president said something about children having faith in God instead of doctors, but I didn't pay any attention to it, and never thought of it till now.

Annie. We are taught in our meetings that we must keep the Sabbath day holy, and that children must partake of the sacrament to be saints: and I want to be a saint, and now I want to prepare by attending Sunday Schools and Primary meetings, to become very useful, and do a great deal of good.

Nellie. I see, Annie, that you are going to be good and great. Now I don't want to live and die and be forgotten. I don't want to be good-for-nothing. You have converted me; and I am determined to be a different girl. From this time, instead of seeking

pleasure, I will try to do whatever is my duty, and, as you say, in earnest. I want to begin this very day. May I go to meeting with you?

Annie. Yes, indeed; and I think we can go down town before night. It is almost meeting time—let's be punctual. [*They hurry off.*]

THE RIDE.

Characters—Five girls from twelve to fifteen years of age.—Jane, an orphan, poorly clad; Kate, Rosa, Edith and Belle, daughters of wealthy parents.

Rosa. O girls, my father has bought a fine carriage that will seat six besides the driver. He has given me permission to invite some of my mates and have a ride this afternoon, and spend an hour with the Misses Dayton. Will you go?

Kate, Edith and Belle [together]. O yes, yes, yes! That will be fine!

Rosa. Will you not go too, Jane?

Jane. [*Glancing at her faded dress and old shoes.*] I would like very much to go, but fear I cannot.

Rosa. Come if you can, Jane. [*Jane goes out.*]

Edith. I can't think why you are anxious for Jane Hall to be one of the party. How meanly she dresses.

Belle. I thought strange of it too, but I would like her to go.

Kate. I wonder if you really meant to have her go, Rosa.

Edith. I don't think she has anything decent to
§

wear. Did you mind how she looked down on her dress when she answered your question.

Rosa. I did not notice it—I was thinking more of her than of her dress. I am well acquainted with Jane, and respect her very much. She is poor, but what of that! She is a noble minded girl, and kind and good to all as far as her circumstances will permit; and I appreciate her exemplary character as being of far greater worth than the richest clothing.

Edith. That is all very well, but I don't think it necessary to invite such a shabby thing when going to a fashionable place like Mr. Dayton's.

Belle. Edith, I believe the Daytons would be as pleased to see Jane, and would receive her as cordially as any of us, even in what you call a shabby dress. They teach their children that dress is not character, and to treat the poor, who are well behaved, with as much respect as they do the rich; and I never knew them to slight a poor person, for being poor.

Rosa. Surely Edith does not *blame* Jane for wearing poor clothes.

Edith. I did not think of blame, but really, a person not worthy of blame, *must* be entitled to respect. How thoughtless I have been! How unreflecting! I felt it hard that I must be associated with that poor girl in school, and yet, I knew no harm of her. What a change has come over me! Why, girls, it is no credit to us that our parents are rich and can furnish us rich clothing and other luxuries of life, is it?

Kate. We did not earn wealth for our parents, and we have no cause for pride, or to think ourselves above those in straitened circumstances unless we do better than they do. Let us imagine ourselves in Jane's place, and think how we should like to be slighted.

Belle. I think it more the result of thoughtlessness,

than of intentional harm, that children of rich parents mistreat and neglect those of poor parents. And I think, in very many instances, the rich parents neglect to instruct their children to respect good morals—good behavior and purity of character instead of wealth and fashion.

Kate. Where are Jane's parents, can you tell us about them, Rosa?

Rosa. I will, with pleasure. Jane's parents were wealthy; they had three children besides Jane. Her father failed in business, and not long after, the whole family fell sick with diphtheria, from which only Jane recovered. The dear girl is now working for her board and schooling, and, of course, has not much chance for clothing.

Belle. I think it is praiseworthy that she is trying to educate herself, instead of spending her small earnings in dress. I will give her a dress.

Kate. I am very glad to learn her circumstances. An orphan—homeless—struggling with poverty! If she will accept my love and my assistance, she shall have both. I will give her a hat.

Edith. And mine; and she also shall have my humble confession for misjudging her on account of poverty. I will supply her with shoes.

Rosa. I will furnish underclothing. The promise is, "In blessing thou shalt be blest." Let us all earn this promise and claim it. And we will have our dear Jane dressed genteelly so that she may feel at ease in that respect, and above all, *know that we are her friends.* [*Exit all*]

DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOT.

Mr. and Mrs. Cady and their son Harry.

(Harry comes in from school—throws down down his satchel and commences to cry.)

Mrs. Cady. Harry, what is the matter? Have you been kept in?

Harry. No, ma, but the boys have been laughing at me, and I cannot stand it. Please, let me go to another school.

Mrs. C. What did you do to make them laugh?

Harry. They asked me to go with them and tip a poor woman's apple stand over, and said it was first rate fun.

Mrs. C. What did you say?

Harry. I said my mother would feel dreadfully to have me do such a thing. Then they laughed, and Robert Bell said, Does your mother know you are out? Another boy said, I was tied to your apron string. They called me a "tell-tale," and said I was going to tell the teacher of them; and when I said, I have never been brought up to tell tales, Robert Bell called out, "There's his mother again—three cheers for Harry Cady's mother!" I felt angry enough to knock him down.

Mrs. C. Keep cool, my boy; come, sit down, and let me see whether you have any reason to be excited.

Harry. O, ma, you don't know how provoking it is to be laughed at, or you would not say so.

(*Mr. Cady enters.*)

Mr. C. If mother don't, I do, and I know a better way than knocking down.

Harry. What is that, pa?

Mr. C. Have true courage, my boy, and don't notice their laughter.

Harry. I have tried. I cannot bear it, pa.

Mr. C. What kind of a boy is Robert?

Harry. He is a new scholar; his father is rich, and he has plenty of money in his pocket every day.

Mr. C. Is he a good boy in school?

Harry. No, sir; our teacher told him to-day that he was more trouble than all the rest put together.

Mr. C. I suppose if you were a man, you would fight a duel with Robert Bell, and one kill the other?

Harry. Why, pa, you don't think I would be so wicked?

Mr. C. When grown people feel as you did to-day when you wanted to knock Robert down, they sometimes meet and shoot at each other with pistols, because they won't stand being laughed at. It takes more real courage to do right in spite of ridicule, than to fight. I hope you will try to be a truly brave boy.

Harry. I will try, pa, but it is very hard.

(*Mr. C. and Harry go out; Mrs. C. busies herself preparing for a lunch, when Harry returns, flushed and excited.*)

Harry. Ma, I don't want lunch—I am not hungry.

Mrs. C. Have you been eating, Harry?

Harry. No, ma, but Robert Bell acts worse and worse.

Mrs. C. What has he done?

Harry. We were playing at ball, and a little girl, no larger than our Mattie, came along with a basket of potatoes as heavy as she could carry, and Robert

turned it upside down and scattered the potatoes into the ditch. The little girl sat down and cried out loud; and as I started to go and pick them up, Robert began to laugh, and said, "Go, help your sister, Harry!"

Mrs. C. Didn't you go and help her?

Harry. No, ma, the boys laughed so that I could not do it.

Mrs. C. My dear Harry, your fear of ridicule has made you do wrong already. You fear man more than God. If you allow yourself to begin to sin for fear of being laughed at, there is no telling where you will stop. I have known young men to leave a saintly home, and, rather than have wicked companions know that they are obeying a pious mother's counsel, they yield to temptation and go to ruin.

Harry. I have felt sorry every time I have thought of that poor little girl!

Mrs. C. Well, Harry, then take a bold stand on the side of right, and make up your mind that you will not do wrong, even if you are laughed at.

Harry. Ma, I have not told you half the trouble I have had to-day. My piece begun—"My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead!" I found it in the book Uncle Edward gave me. I knew it by heart but soon as I said the first line, I saw Robert Bell winking and laughing. It put me all out, and I forget half of it, and spoke so poorly that Mr. Lee told me to commit my piece perfectly next time.

Mrs. C. Harry, are you going to let Robert Bell make you ashamed of your mother?

Harry. No, ma, but I am tired of trying to get along. After school, the boys went off bathing. They begged me to go, and said pa was away from home, and never would know it and you wouldn't care. I knew better, and refused a good many times without giving any reason. At last Robert came up and said,

"His mother won't let him," and they went off singing, "My mother, when I learned that thou was dead!" Now, ma, how can I stay at such a school?

Mrs. C. Harry, you may find the same trials at any school, and after you leave school, and all through life. Wicked young men will seek to lead you astray by laughing at your mother's influence and instructions. Now, my boy, what are you going to do? Will you yield to the fear of ridicule, and commit one sin after another, until you are as bad, and perhaps worse, than those who laugh at you, or will you rise above it, and show a true, noble, manly courage? If you can't bear it now, you will find it still harder when you are a man in size, and when your evil passions have strengthened. Pray to God to help you; and when you find the boys disposed to make fun of you, go on in the right way. They will soon see your firmness, and let you alone. If Christopher Columbus had been like you, he never would have discovered America.

Harry. Was he ever laughed at?

Mrs. C. Yes, Harry, he had to bear a great deal of ridicule before he could persuade people that he was anything but an idle adventurer. When he tried to prove the existence of undiscovered land beyond the sea, he was laughed at and persecuted in many ways. He did not mind it, but went on and accomplished his purpose, and silenced his opposers. His memory is now revered and honored.

Harry. Everybody can't be like Christopher Columbus.

Mrs. C. Well, my dear boy, every one can imitate Christ. Wicked men clothed Him in purple robes—mocked Him—spit upon Him, and smote Him in the face. They laughed and ridiculed Him when He was dying. He did not become angry, but prayed for those cruel mockers with his last breath. Now,

Harry, if you will pray to God in the name of Jesus Christ, to give you firmness and courage to do what you know is right, in spite of evil examples, you will be thankful as long as you live, that you learned to bear ridicule in your youth.

Harry. Dear ma, I will try to remember all you have said.

Mrs. C. Do, my boy, and when you are older, you will be able to resist the temptations which you will be sure to meet in every effort to do right, and be a truly courageous man.

WE TAKE OUR CHOICE.

Solon. Marcus, I think you had better give up your project; mining is a very precarious business. And you know the Latter-day Saints have been counseled not to go into it.

Marcus. I don't see any reason why I should not manage my own affairs. I am my own master.

S. Do you realize what a responsible position that is?

M. Responsible! Is there any responsibility in being your own master?

S. When you take a stand contrary to the counsel of those whom God has chosen to lead, I think you assume a very high responsibility.

M. Do you think because we belong to the Church, that we should be like machines, and have no mind of our own? Have I no right to choose for myself?

S. That is just what the ignorant people of the world say of us, but it is a great mistake. We choose

for ourselves as much as they do, and yet are obedient to the authorities of the Church.

M. Will you please explain how it is? It looks to me like a kind of slavery.

S. There are two opposite powers—*good* and *evil*—one is of God, the other is of Satan. All people are serving one or the other; and since the fulness of the Gospel has been revealed, we are all at liberty to choose for ourselves—if we choose to serve God we must obey His servants who hold the Priesthood.

M. Do you think that every body is either on one side or the other.

S. Yes, there is no possibility of being neutral: If we choose to serve God, and by faithfulness earn the reward of the just, we can do so; and, instead of being slaves or machines, as you observed, we may become noble and mighty men, holding and exercising in the Holy Priesthood.

M. Well, Solon, I am glad I met you. I begin to see and feel the truth of your words. I certainly have been on the wrong track, and have wasted my time.

S. We cannot afford to waste any time. The great work that is lying before the youth of to-day, will require a full development of all our faculties; and now is the time for us to prepare for future usefulness.

M. I had almost forgotten that I was a member of the Church, or that I had, or ever should have any duties to perform in that direction, and have been racking my brain to contrive to make money and get rich, regardless of everything and everybody. And what a change has come over me!

S. I am thankful your views are changed. What is wealth compared with character! What is gold compared with the favor and approbation of God!

M. I will humbly seek forgiveness for the past, and with the help of God, try to become eminently useful.

HOME MANUFACTURE.

Julia. Why, Mary, what are you doing? I came for you to go up town with me; so put your faney work away.

Mary. I cannot, Julia, I have so much to do before night, and will have just time to finish it by sticking to it. See, is it not pretty?

J. Ha! ha! Mary, you make me laugh. The idea of a home-made thing like that looking pretty.

M. You may laugh if you like, but I prefer mine to your imported one. Why, I made this all myself.

J. No doubt you did; but why do you bother to make a hat for yourself, Mary? I get mine ready made. Pa elerks in the store, and I just go and tell him I must have a new hat.

M. And do you always get it?

J. Yes, always, for ma helps me tease till I do. Pa grumbled some about this, and it only cost five dollars.

M. Well, my father is a farmer, and he can't always get money; but this fall he said I could get me a new hat. I asked him how much I should need for it. "O, nearly three dollars." He gave me the money.

J. Did he? My pa never gives me the money, for fear I shall spend it for something else. Well, what did you do with it, as you did not buy the hat?

M. I put it in the Temple fund; father said I

might, and when he asked me what I was going to do for a hat, I said I would make one, and here it is, nearly done.

(Nancy enters.)

Nancy. O, Julia, see what a beautiful hat Mary is making! Mary, where did you get that beautiful braid? How fine and firm. It must be durable.

M. I gathered the straw and braided it, and mother had it colored; I sewed it, and shall get the milliner to press it.

M. Julia, just compare it with yours—how much better and nicer it is. Is yours home-made?

J. No; I wish it was. I see now, that Mary's is very much the nicest—I had not noticed it before. Because mine came from the States, I thought, of course, it was all right, and I had hardly noticed Mary's just because it is home-made.

N. What will you trim your lovely hat with, Mary?

M. Home-made flowers, of course. Are we not taught in our Primaries to wear home-made clothes?

J. I don't go to the Primary meetings—I just go to the parties and the fairs; I think the little boys and girls are real nice, but I don't like meetings.

M. I should think you would feel almost ashamed to go to the fairs and parties and not to meetings.

J. Perhaps I had better go to the meetings. You always seem so happy, Mary; is it because you wear home-made.

M. Partly—for when I wear home-made, father says I am helping to build up the Kingdom of God; and if his family were not saving, he could not assist in sending for the poor, or donate to build Temples.

J. Dear Mary, I am sorry I laughed at your hat—you are so good. Teach me how to braid, and I will

try after this to do all the good I can, and I am sure I can do some good even if I am a little girl.

“I” OR “HI.”

(Two boys, dressed as newly arrived emigrants, meet.)

Pat. Good morning, Johnny; and it's wishing each other a welcome to Ameriky, that we'll be afther, for sure I see ye've just come over. An' where are ye going?

Johnny. 'To (H) Idaho. (*Pronouncing with the aspirate.*)

P. To “hide a hoe!” An' what'll ye hide a hoe for?

J. I didn't say “Ide a 'oe,” I said (H) Idaho.

P. Sure an' I'll never know what you mane till ye put the spell to it.

J. Spell it? I-d-a-h-o (H) Idaho.

P. Is it *Idaho* you mane?

J. Yes, (H) Idaho.

P. (*tossing up his hat, and laughing heartily as they go out*) Yes, “Hide a hoe!” Well, be off with ye, and hide a hoe if ye will, and good luck to ye!

WHEN I'M A MAN.

(To be accompanied with appropriate actions.)

First Boy. When I'm a man,
I'll be a farmer, if I can—*and I can!*
I'll plough the ground, and the seed I'll sow;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,
And pitch it on the stack away,
When I'm a man.

Second Boy. When I'm a man,
I'll be a carpenter, if I can—*and I can!*
I'll plane like *this*, and I'll hammer *so*,
And *this* is the way the saw shall go.
I'll make the bird-houses, and sheds, and boats,
A ship that shall race every craft that floats,
When I'm a man!

Third Boy. When I'm a man!
I'll be a blacksmith, if I can,—*and I can!*
Clang! clang! clang! shall my anvil ring;
And *this* is the way the blows I'll swing.
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight,
Then I'll trot 'round the square to see if it's right,
When I'm a man!

Fourth Boy. When I'm a man,
I'll be a mason, if I can,—*and I can!*
I'll lay a brick *this* way, and lay one *that*;
Then take my trowel and smooth them flat,
Great chimneys I'll make and if I am able
I'll build one as high as the tower of Babel,
When I'm a man!

Fifth Boy. When I'm a man,
I'll be a shoemaker, if I can,—*and I can!*
I'll sit on a bench, with my last *held so!*
And *in and out*, shall my needles go.
I'll sew so strong that my work will wear
Till nothing is left but my stitches there!
When I'm a man!

Sixth Boy. When I'm a man,
A printer I'll be, if I can,—*and I can!*
I'll make nice books, and perhaps you'll see
Some of my work in "The Primary."
I'll have the first reading, O, won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they are done!
When I'm a man!

Seventh Boy. When I'm a man,
A doctor I'll be, if I can,—*and I can!*
My powders and pills shall be nice and sweet,
And you shall have just what you like to eat.
I'll prescribe for you riding, and sailing, and such;
Above all things, *you never must study too much!*
When I'm a man!

Eighth Boy. When I'm a man,
I'll be a teacher, if I can,—*and I can!*
I'll sing to my scholars—fine stories I'll tell,
I'll teach them to read, and I'll teach them to spell—
Teach them manners and morals, the best that I can,
And you'll see them grow up useful women and men,
When I'm a man!

Ninth Boy. When I'm a man,
I'll be a school committee, if I can,—*and I can!*
About once a month I'll go into school,
And say, "Miss Teacher, I've made a rule,
'That the boys and girls need a time to play.
'You may give these children a holiday."
When I'm a man!

Tenth Boy. When I'm a man,
 I'll be President, if I can,—*and I can!*
 My uncles and aunts are a jolly set,
 And I'll have them all in my Cabinet!
 I shall live in the White House. I hope you all
 When you hear I'm elected, will give me a call,
 When I'm a man!

Eleventh Boy. When I'm a man,
 I'll be an Elder, if I can,—*and I can!*
 When called to travel to and fro,
 Without a purse and serip, I'll go—
 I'll pay my tithing just and true,
 And keep the Word of Wisdom too,
 When I'm a man!

All in Concert. When we are men,
 We hope we'll do great good,—and then
 Whatever we do, one thing we say,
 We'll do our work in the very best way:
 And you shall see, if you know us then,
 We'll be good, and honest, and useful men,
 When we are men!

WHAT SHALL I FOLLOW?

Dialogue for eight boys.

(*Benny walking the stage very thoughtfully, when Albert enters.*)

Albert. Well, Benny, what is the matter? What are you thinking of so seriously?

Benny. Well, really, you seem to be deeply inter-

ested about my thoughts; and as you have taken the trouble to ask me—I was reflecting on my future life.

A. Do you mean this life or the next?

B. This life, to be sure! I mean my occupation or profession, when I am of age and start out for myself.

A. If that is it, I do not wonder that you looked solemn. It is a serious subject, and I have been thinking of it from time to time for the last six months.

B. Will you please tell me some of your thoughts on the subject? Let us talk the matter over. It is said that "two heads are better than one."

A. I should like for one thing—

(Enter Charles, followed in the distance by others.)

B. Hallo, Charles, we were just talking about what we shall do when we are men. I hope you can help us,

Charles. Yes, but here comes a lot of boys. They have come for a game of ball, but perhaps they all would rather talk awhile.

(Four boys, David, Ernest, Frank and George, entering.)

David. Hallo, boys! Ready for a game?

B. Not quite, I think. We were just getting interested in the subject of a trade or a profession for life. Shall we go on? What do you say?

D. I have no opinion to give on that subject; but I would like to hear others.

Ernest. O, pshaw! What good will that do? Let's have a game at ball!

B. Well, just as the rest think. What do you say, boys?

All. O, let us have the talk! the talk!

B. Come, Albert, you began to tell what you had

been thinking, just as the boys came in. Suppose you go on?

A. I am afraid Ernest will find it rather dull.

E. (carelessly) O, if you are all agreed, go ahead.

A. I can't think of anything better than to be rich. Money, you know, will buy anything, and who couldn't be happy with everything they want?

Frank. But how to get rich, is a question. I would not be miserly for all the wealth of the world; and I would rather be beggarly poor than to get rich dishonestly. I prefer an occupation or profession that will bring a comfortable living, and in which I can do the most good to others. I think this would give more real happiness than wealth.

A. I think one could get rich without being miserly or dishonest. The trouble is, people let money slip through their hands too easily. If they see anything they want, they buy it, and wants come faster than money. I would be willing to go without luxuries till I was rich, and then I could have anything.

C. Pshaw! I don't believe in pinching through life, just to have money to leave. I think I would like some steady work—say a book-keeper's situation, with good pay, at a reasonable price—then I could spend according to my wages, and be sure of a living.

E. I should rather be boss myself, and hire my clerks; then I could have leisure, and my business go on.

D. That would be very well if there were no other side to look at. But you get started in business, and think all is smooth, when the first you know a financial crisis threatens all you have. All the ease of a merchant's life is shadow, while care and anxiety are the constant disturbers of his peace. I think that the profession of law offers all of the advantages, and none of the disadvantages attending the life of a mer-

chant. In this you would have deep thought, a healthy exercise of the mind without the inevitable freaks of fortune. And when a hard case comes, you can conquer it by study and thought, which cannot be said of a financial crisis.

B. That's all very well for you; but for me, I'd like to do something to use my *hands* as well as my head. A man with *nothing but a head* could be a lawyer; but nature intended the hands and feet for use. So I would be a mechanic, and have the whole body share in the labors of life. My hands would hold my work—my head teach them how to do it—my feet carry me from place to place—my eyes show the way, and my ears receive orders.

E. There's too much work there to suit me. I'd like to dress like a gentleman, and have my work done by others. But a person has to know a great deal before he can carry on business well. I think a professor has rather an easy time of it. He must read a lecture once in a while, and the rest of the time he can travel and collect curiosities for others to admire. I'd be a professor if I knew how to begin. I could do well enough if I could only get started.

Frank. That's where the laugh comes in. You'll never get begun, I guess.

George. Well, boys, you've been talking for half an hour, and not hit the right thing yet. Why has neither of you thought of being a doctor?

E. I guess you'll find there's some beginning to that.

G. Well, some, to be sure. You'd go to college, of course. Anybody that is anybody wants to do that. Then attend medical lectures two or three times, and read up some, but study pretty hard the last few months, and there you are a M. D. That's easy enough beginning, I'm sure.

A. Easy enough to talk about. But only think! four years in college, with all kinds of *ics* and *ologies* without number. And then you've only *begun* to begin, for you haven't learned your A, B, C in medicine all this time; and even then you have another year to wade through, without mentioning the jaw-cracking you'll have to swallow in that year! No, I'd rather go out and drive a city cart at a dollar a day than do that.

G. But, then, think of having such a title, and being addressed as Dr. So-and-so, and associating with distinguished men—riding in a carriage, and making such handsome fees. I wonder I didn't start before this. I'll begin to study to-morrow.

B. There are other things which you forgot to mention. Night after night to be broken of your rest, and no time to rest during the day. There's to be a picnic, but you can't go for fear you might be sent for; Calder's Farm or Black Rock might be too far away, and you'd lose a big fee, and you could not afford that. And then, another consideration—when your patients die, as all must some time, the blame is thrown upon you. "You didn't attend them as you ought," "The medicine was poison," or, "You didn't know anything about the disease." Call these pleasures in a doctor's life, if you please.

(*Enter Mr. Harman.*)

Mr. Harman. Good morning, boys, I hope I do not intrude. I have heard some of your conversation as I drew near, and thought that an old man's words might be of service to you. I have spent my life in the pursuit of knowledge, and have tried to take a sober view of life and men; and have come to the conclusion that each occupation and profession has its advantages and disadvantages.

D. May I ask you, Father Harman, what you find particularly objectionable in the study of law?

Mr. H. Principle, my young friend, is at stake. If you can raise above that temptation, and maintain the right at any cost, it will do; but that is at the loss of a fee, now and then, and the choice must be made between them. Happy he who chooses right rather than riches. Your first achievement, in starting out in life, should be to so train yourselves that you can adapt yourselves to whatever circumstances you may be placed in, and make yourselves happy in accomplishing good. Aim to be useful rather than to seek wealth, ease or notoriety.

E. Thank you, Father Harman, that counsel suits me.

E. It seems that everything is work. I wonder what I *shall* do!

A. You will have to make haste and get rich, Ernest.

E. I'll come and share my crust with you.

Mr. H. Well, boys, make the best of it you will, you will find that there is a crust to every trade and profession. The poor man eats the crust of poverty, for the sake of honesty; the rich man, the crust of unhappiness and care, for the sake of wealth; the clerk the crust of confinement, for the sake of his situation; the professional man the crust of deep and hard study; and the statesman the crust of envy. Happy for us if we sweeten our crust with contentment, which comes from putting our trust in that Being who makes "all things work together for good to those who love Him."

ON TITHING.

(*Orson, Lucius and Aunt Laura.*)

Orson. Lucius, where are you going?

Lucius. To the Tithing Office.

O. I would like to know what you want at the Tithing Office.

L. I have carried coal for a lady, and she gave me a dollar—I am going to pay ten cents tithing on it; and my sister Lucy has a present of fifty cents and wants me to pay five cents for her.

O. I think that is ridiculous! If I was you, I would go to the store and buy candy with the ten cents, and enjoy myself. The idea of a boy paying tithing—It's all nonsense! Did your father or mother tell you to do it?

L. No; but they have taught me that the law of tithing is one of the laws of the Church, and that every member of the Church is in duty bound to keep every law which God has revealed; and when I have any money of my own I pay the tithing on it, just as though I was a man grown.

O. My father and mother have never said anything to me about it, and I don't know whether they pay tithing: anyhow I think it looks silly for you to give ten cents, when you have but one dollar.

L. One dollar is as much for me as one thousand would be for business men, and I think, if it is their duty to pay tithing on their one thousand, it is just as much my duty to pay it on my one dollar.

O. Well, this is all new to me, but really I don't

see any sense in children doing like that. But here comes aunt Laura—I wonder what she thinks of it. Aunt Laura, do you believe in paying tithing?

Aunt L. I believe that all members of the Church that own property, whether they are young children or old children, should pay tithing on what they have of their own, as well as to keep the Sabbath—attend meetings—partake of the sacrament, and honor all other general laws of the Church.

L. That is just what father and mother say.

Aunt L. I want to ask. Do you boys belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

Both. Yes.

Aunt L. How did you become members?

Both. By being baptized, and having hands laid on for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

Aunt L. Just the same as older persons become members; and if *we* are expected to begin to do the duties which belong to Saints, as soon as *we* become members, I think that *you* also should begin in small ways to do every little duty, such as paying your small tithing, and everything that, as children, you can. By beginning in this small way while you are small, as you grow larger, your means and abilities will grow, and when you are men, you will be men of God.

O. I thank you aunt Laura. If I had been taught as you teach, I should not ridicule Lucius or any other boy for paying tithing; I now feel very sorry for what I said. I have had money of my own, but never thought that one-tenth of it belonged to the Lord, till now.

Aunt L. Orson, do you belong to the Primary Association?

O. I do not, and I haven't ever attended any of their meetings.

Aunt L. You miss very much by not attending.

There the children are learning to pay tithing, and are assisting to build Temples, and are emigrating orphan children, and doing many other good works.

L. You must come and join; we have such good meetings, and I know God is pleased, for He pours out His Spirit, and makes us happy.

Aunt L. Yes, Orson, improve every opportunity—you are laying the foundation of your future character, and whatever will help to make you good and great, should start from the foundation. Lucius has made a good start—follow his example.

GEOGRAPHY.

(For Eighteen Boys.)

First. You'll be astonished when you've found
Geography we're learning!

And that we know the earth is round,
And on its axis turning.

Second. Round, like this cent? *(showing one.)*

All. No; not at all!

Second. Round, like this pencil? *(showing one.)*

All. No!

Second. But it is round like this round ball,
And turning round, *just so.*

Third. Upon the earth is lovely land,
With many a pretty dwelling;
And 'round the earth, on every hand,
Blue ocean waves are swelling.

Fourth. *The ocean!* that's the biggest thing
There is in all creation!
And ships sail over it to bring
The wealth of every nation.

Fifth. A gulf or bay is where the sea
Into the land goes far:
Mexico's Gulf and Hudson's Bay
My best examples are.

Sixth. A lake is water where the land
On every side is found.
A pond is just a little lake—
We sail boats on a pond.

Seventh. A river is a stream that flows
Through land for miles away;
The Mississippi southward goes
Three thousand miles, they say.

Eighth. Upon the earth, on either side,
Are continents—I'll show them: (*points.*)
The *Western*, long; the *Eastern*, wide:
You see how well I know them.

Ninth. And where the land, like letter V,
Goes stretching, in *this* shape,
Into the ocean or the sea,
It is a point or cape.

Tenth. Another thing of capes, say I,
To tell a bigger story:
That where the cape is very high,
It is a promontory.

Eleventh. An island is a piece of land
With water all around it;
So when you walk along the sand,
The waves will always bound it.

Twelfth. Don't go a thousand miles away
To find the names of many;
The little isles in Boston Bay
Are just as good as any;

Thirteenth. *Pen-in-su-la*—that's long, I know,
But then, we all can spell it;
Our friends the meaning may not know,
So, John, you'd better tell it.

Fourteenth. *Almost an island.* It would be,
But for this neck of land
That stretches out across the sea,
An isle. (*To audience.*) Do you understand?

Fifteenth. And by a funny name we call
'These necks, where'er they are;
Isthmus, the name of one and all:
Here's Suez, there's Panama.

Sixteenth. A mountain 's a tremendous hill;
Some, more than five miles high;
The Andes see now, if you will;
Pacific Ocean nigh.

Seventeenth. About the *people*, let me tell:
In all earth's various places,
The children of one Father dwell,
Though they're of different races.

Eighteenth. The *White* men of our own dear land
The *Indian* red and wild,
The *Brown* men of the desert sand,
And *Afric's Negro* child.

All in Concert. And now, lest weary you should
grow,
We'll close our exercise.
Of course, from what you've heard, you know,
We're trying to be wise,

And learn, each season, more and more,
Of every land and nation,
Of every sea and every shore—
In short, of all creation.

[*In reciting the foregoing, motion with hands for LONG and WIDE; make V with fingers; all spell PEN-IN-SU-LA in concert.*]

THE FLORAL ALPHABET.

(*This may be recited by eleven or twenty-two children.*)

A is the Arum,
The children all seek,
When they scamper about
In the holiday week.

B is the Buttercup,
Coming in May,
The joy and delight
Of a fine sunny day.

C is the Celandine,
Golden and starry;
We must gather a bunch,
And take home to Harry.

D is the Daisy,
The pearl among flowers,
As it lifts its meek head
To the soft falling showers.

E is the Eglantine,
Just by the bower;
How sweetly it smells
In the cool evening hour.

F the Forget-me-not,
Simple and true,
Attired in a robe
Of beautiful blue.

G is the Golden Rod,
Looking so cheery,
When the dark days of Autumn
Are chilly and dreary.

H is the Hawthorn,
To children so dear,
In happy old England,
The queen of the year.

I is the Ivy,
To the old tower elinging,
As if it had climbed there
To hear the bells ringing.

J is the Jessamine,
Sweet starry flower,
How in childhood I loved it
Beside the old bower.

K is the King-eup,
Whose beauties we praise,
When cares are unknown,
In our bright early days.

L is the Lily,
So modest and pale,
Content with her lot
At her home in the vale.

M is the Myrtle,
And Mignonette sweet,
And bright Morning-Glory
You really must greet.

N the Nastartium,
That climbs up the fence;
But to sweet smelling odor
It makes no pretence.

O is the Orchis,
The belle of the field;
To the palm of its beauty
All others must yield.

P is the Pink,
Of so many hues;
It is really a puzzle
To know which to choose.

As for Q, it's so queer
That there is no flower
With Q for its name,
In bed or in bower.

R for the Red Rose—
The White Rose and Pink,
Buff, Damask and China,
And others, I think.

S for Snowdrop and Speedwell,
Starwort and Sweet-Pea,
Snapdragon and Sorrel,
And Strawberry tree.

T Tulip and Thistle,
And Trumpet-flower, too,
And Thyme on the mountain,
Bespangled with dew.

V for Violet sweet,
Retired and unseen,
Meekly hiding its head
'Mid its leaflets of green.

The Woodbine comes last,
And binds all together,
A bouquet so sweet
In all sorts of weather.

SPRING.

(Dialogue for Boys and Girls)

(To be spoken briskly.)

All. Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
Is come, is come, is come!

First Speaker. On the hills the grass is springing,

Second " On the trees the birds are singing;

Third " All the air is soft with showers,

Fourth " Fields and woods are bright with
flowers;

All. All rich beauty and gladness bring,
With Spring returning, lovely Spring!

Fifth Speaker. Spring, Spring!

Sixth " Joyous Spring!

All. Welcome, welcome, welcome Spring.

First Speaker. Carefully turn the furrowed land,

Second " Scatter the seed on every hand;

Third " Faithful labor is never in vain,

Faithful sowing shall harvest again;

Fourth Speaker. Heaven shall send the [sun {and
rain,
And crown the Autumn with stores of grain.

All. Trust, trust, Heaven shall send
Bounteous blessings without end.

(*More slowly.*)

Fifth Speaker. Childhood,
Sixth “ Springtime,

All. Sow the seed
In the youthful heart;

First Speaker. Christ will nourish—

Second “ It will flourish,

All. And new life impart.

Third Speaker. Sinking in our hearts all glowing,
Shall spring up the heavenly sowing,
And thro’ storm and sunshine growing,

Fourth Speaker. By and by the fruit shall be,
Fruit the angels love to see,
Ripe for immortality.

All. And the angels,
Holy angels,
Glad shall come
Gathering the harvest home.

(*Very slowly.*)

Fifth Speaker. Heaven!

Sixth “ Home!

All. Bringing us to Heaven and Home!

ESQUIMAUX DINNER.

(*Mrs. Hall, Aunt Phebe and John.*)

(*John comes in from the wood pile—his arms full of wood.*)

Aunt Phebe. It is too bad for John to go out such a cold morning as this.

(*John begins to shiver and stamp around as if half frozen.*)

John. Can't I stay home from school to-day, mother? It's bitter cold, and snowing so fast.

Mrs. Hall. Stay home from school for a little snow? I wouldn't like to send that excuse to the teacher to-morrow. O, no, John, no staying at home for a little snow and cold!

Aunt Phebe. Do let the boy stay! Don't send him out in the storm!

Mrs. Hall. No, John, I want you to be brave, and not let anything frighten you from doing what is for you to do. Don't think of staying from school because it storms; but first run over to the market and get some meat and beans for our dinner.

John. (*In a whine.*) O, dear, I shall freeze!

Aunt Phebe. It's too bad, sister; you've no feeling for the boy!

Mrs. Hall. John won't think so when he grows to be a man. Now, hurry off, my son, it's getting late, and you musn't be a minute behind time at school.

(*John goes to market—comes home all in a glow—shakes his overcoat, and stamps his boots to get snow off, in a happy, courageous mood.*)

Mrs. Hall. Now for school! (*Takes market basket from his hand.*) If it wasn't too late, I would tell you about how the Esquimaux boys get their dinners sometimes; but I must put it off till you come home.

Aunt Phebe. Can't you let him stop long enough to warm?

John. O, I am not a bit cold. (*He hurries out, and in going, shouts, "Hurrah for the Esquimaux!"*)

Mrs. Hall. You see, sister Phebe, that the sympathy you expressed for John produced a very weakening effect. Did you notice the change in him?

Aunt Phebe. I thought you hard-hearted and cruel until I saw him start off in such jubilant spirits. If I could have had my way, that boy would have been shivering here all day.

Mrs. Hall. Energy of character is very essential both for happiness and for usefulness, and, unless it is cultivated early, it seldom is acquired. In dealing with children, we often find it necessary to suppress feeling and let reason rule.

Aunt Phebe. Hark, John comes, as happy and gay as a lark.

(*John comes bounding in.*)

John. Now for the Esquimaux boy and his dinner.

(*Mrs. Hall opens a book and shows John a picture of an Esquimaux boy catching birds with a long pole with a basket on the end.*)

John. What a queer looking boy! What a funny dress! What is he doing, mother?

Mrs. Hall. Getting his dinner.

John. Catching birds?

Mrs. Hall. Yes. You see an Esquimaux lad, who lives away off in the icy North. He is dressed in furs to keep him warm. It is night half of the year where he lives, and he is always surrounded with ice and snow. During the greater part of this long night, he

lives in a room down under the snow; to get into it, people have to crawl through a long, low passage, sometimes twenty or thirty feet long. Six or seven persons sometimes live together in one of these small rooms. They have no wood or coal in their snow and ice covered country.

John. Please tell how they get light and fire to cook with.

Mrs. Hall. They burn grease in lamps and pans. Their food is walrus, and seal, and bear's meat; and in the short summer, they catch birds that flock there in millions to lay eggs and raise their young. They have no flour, nor beans, nor rice, nor sugar. No ripe fruits, nor garden vegetables, such as we have.

John. O, what a dreadful place to live in!

Mrs. Hall. But they don't think so; and the boy with the bird's net of sealskin tied to the end of a narwhal's tusk, and standing on an ice-covered ledge of rock jutting over the water, doesn't think it any more hardship to get his dinner than you did to run over to the market this morning for yours and mine.

John. What kind of birds do they catch, mother?

Mrs. Hall. They are called little auks, and are something like ducks. The great auk is as large as a goose, and can swim under water faster than a man can row a boat. It is said that six men in a boat once pursued a great auk, swimming under water, but couldn't overtake it.

John. (*In a deep study.*) If the Esquimaux boys can stand it, I don't think I ought to complain; and I won't any more. Why, I've everything, and they've got almost nothing.

JENNY AND CARRIE.

Carrie. Jenny, it is very strange to me.
That all we do—where'er we be—
In light or darkness—night or day,
God sees, and hears each word we say.

Jenny. Carry, I've heard my mother tell
How God can see and hear so well:
It is so beautiful and grand,
A child can hardly understand;
But mother says, if I do right,
When I am older, greater light
His Holy Spirit will impart,
To teach my mind and guide my heart:
And things, o'er which my thoughts now ponder,
Will then create no childish wonder.

C. I love to listen: Jenny, do
Tell what your mother said to you
About the hearing and the seeing
Of God, that great and mighty Being.
I have no mother! If I had
A mother, I should be so glad
To listen to her gentle speech,
And learn what her kind lips would teach.
Mine, is the orphan's lot, instead!
Father and mother—both are dead!

J. Carrie, what fearful words! You said,
"Father and mother—both are dead!"
O, can it be that one so young
Is on the world's cold bosom flung?
My mother says, the world would be
Cold hearted and unkind to me,

If I of parents were bereft;
And Carrie, you're an orphan left !

C. Jenny, you weep! O, I have wept
And wet my pillow where I slept,
Thinking of father and of mother:
And I've no sister and no brother
To listen to my childish moan,
When I feel sad and feel alone.

Jenny, before my mother died,
As I stood weeping by her side,
She kissed me and she said to me,
Be good, my child, and God will be
Your friend to comfort you and bless,
He's "father to the fatherless."
Of your dear father, you're bereft,
And motherless you'll soon be left.
But God, my child, my little one,
Will care for you when I am gone:
Pray, pray to Him and He will hear
Your prayers; my daughter, never fear.

A friend of mother, sitting by,
With mournful look and tearful eye;
Drew me from mother's side and pressed
Me gently, fondly to his breast.
I knew—I felt with pulses wild
'Twas not my mother clasped her child!

The lips that kissed me when I wept—
The eyes that watched me when I slept—
The heart that beat with loving pride—
The hand that all my wants supplied,
The tongue that taught me how to pray,
In the cold grave they laid away.

But Jenny, mother's words are true;
God is my friend and Father too:

He gave me friends who clothed and fed,
Till I had strength to earn my bread:
He hears me when I'm sick—He hears
My humble prayer, and calms my fears.
Yet, while I know I'm greatly blest,
There is a longing in my breast
For mother. Mother—precious word—
'The sweetest music ever heard.

Tho' buried in the graveyard bed,
I think my mother is not dead,
For many times I feel her near,
And almost think her voice I hear;
And many, many times she seems
To come and bless me in my dreams.
How is it Jenny? Can it be
That mother watches over me?
I wish that I could understand
Something about the spirit land:
I cannot get it in my head
How people die and are not dead.
And what is death—that fearful change,
So very sad and very strange?

J. Carrie, I've heard some people say,
"Death is a dark and lonely way:"
But mother says, when good folks die,
Angels of love are waiting by,
Who take their spirits by the hand
And guide them to the spirit land;
Or, else in chariots bear them off
As was Eljah borne aloft,
To realms where sickness cannot come,
Nor death, to mar the joys of home.
There loving wives and husbands, meet—
Parents, their children fondly greet—
Brothers and sisters sweetly there,
Affection's purest pleasures share.

They many varied labors share—
 The Elders preach the Gospel there.
 And, Carrie, if your father dear,
 Was faithful in the Priesthood here,
 He, in the spirit world, is sent,
 To preach the truth, as Jesus went
 To those who were in prison bound,
 That when they heard the Gospel sound,
 If they its truth received and prized,
 Their friends, for them, might be baptized;
 That they, with us, may thus obtain
 The blessings of Messiah's reign.

I'll tell you how my mother said
How people die, and are not dead.
 Our bodies are mortality;
 And formed of what our eyes can see.
 'Tis but a garb—a mould of earth,
 Which all obtain by mortal birth:
 It is impure, and that is why
 Sooner or later, we must die;
 And dying sets our spirits free
 From earth and its mortality.
 We're still the same in shape and size,
 As when beheld by mortal eyes.
 The same as here—they ride and walk—

They eat and drink, and sing and talk;
 And thus, most truthfully 'tis said,
 Our friends are living, when they're dead:
 And death is no *dread* thing to meet,
 For, to the righteous, "death is sweet."

C. O, Jenny, is it truly so?
 You make me almost wish to go
 To that bright world. I long to dwell
 With the dear ones I love so well,
 Who will embrace me when I come

To join them in their happy home,
Where all are free from grief and pain—
Where life and love forever reign.

I think I'll never fear to die:
I love the God who built the sky
And opened up a way to go
Through death, from every ill below.
Altho' He took my parents dear,
And left me a lone orphan here,
He is most loving, good and kind,
A simple, humble child to mind.
He gives me friends and clothes and food,
And you, dear Jenny—you so good—
So kind—so gentle and so true,
I thank Him for your words, and you.
To know and do His will, I pray
At morn and eve of every day;
That I may feel His peaceful smile
To bless and cheer me all the while.

But Jenny will our bodies be
Left in the grave eternally?

J. Carrie, I've heard my mother say,
Our bodies, in the grave will lay
Till the first resurrection day.
Then, free from all impurity,
And clothed with immortality,
These very bodies will come forth,
Joined with our spirits on the earth.
The curse of God upon the soil,
Which causes all the sweat and toil,
Will be removed, and all things here
Will very beautiful appear.
And O, what lovely flowers will bloom
And fill the world with sweet perfume;

Then all mankind will dwell in love
As holy beings do above.

The beasts and fowls and insects then
Will be as greatly changed, as men:
The lamb and lion, then, together
Will live in peace and love each other:
The bear and tiger then will be
Tame as these kittens here, by me.

There'll be no bloodshed—nothing slain,
There'll be no sickness and no pain.
The wicked in their graves will lay
Till the *next* resurrection day,
And never, never will obtain
Such blessings as the righteous gain.

C. Jenny, dear Jenny, what you've said
Makes me feel well about the dead.
What tho' I'm parentless and poor!
If I am good, I shall secure
Eternal life, which I believe
The greatest gift I can receive,
And *that* will everything impart
To please the eye and cheer the heart.
'T will guide me to the courts above,
And then, with the dear ones I love,
In our eternal happy home,
We'll shout a vict'ry o'er the tomb.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Daughter. Mother, I have been thinking to-day of the chapter you read to us from the Bible last evening. Jesus said in one place, "Pray without ceasing." He

could not have meant for us to go down on our knees, as we do night and morning, and pray all the time.

Mother. No, my child; He did not. But don't you think that as we go about our daily occupations, we can raise our hearts in thankfulness to God our Father, for all His goodness and loving-kindness towards us, and ask Him to continue to guide us aright?

D. Oh, yes.

M. Well, it is quite possible that that is what Jesus meant when He said, "Pray without ceasing."

D. I have often thought I would ask you another question. When I kneel down to pray, I find myself praying in my heart, yet I do not speak. Do you think such prayers are acceptable to God.

M. Yes; for God knows all our inmost thoughts. And Jesus says, "Many draw near unto me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but their hearts are far from me." If you continue to watch and pray in all sincerity, it will be your safeguard through life, and you will not go far wrong. Even though you are surrounded by crowds of people, in the school room or elsewhere, you can spare a few moments for prayer and thankfulness.

D. Thank you, mother, I will try to bear this in mind, that I may profit by your kind counsel and good advice.

TWO YOUNG MEN WHO HAVE GROWN UP TOGETHER.

John. Good morning, friend Simon.

Simon. Good morning; I am pleased to see you so cheerful this morning.

J. But, Simon, you appear to be in a thoughtful mood. I should be pleased to learn the subject of your meditations, especially if it is anything in which I am interested.

S. You and I have been playmates from our cradles, and the thought occurred to me, how widely we differ in some very important things.

J. Well, people are liable to differ; but to what do you now refer?

S. We seem to have no views in common with regard to God and His purpose in the creation of man.

J. Yes, there has been this difference between us; you are naturally religious and I am not.

S. You will not deny that you sometimes feel a reverence for a higher power than man?

J. I really admit that I do, for I see the evidence of that power in the operations of nature; but I fail to comprehend its origin. What evidence have you that there is a God who is the source of it?

S. You see yonder a beautiful house, built for the comfort and convenience of man, would you assert that it came there by chance or accident, or that it originated itself?

J. No, for I see in it evidences of intelligent design.

S. The farmer plows his field and sows his grain, it grows and matures, to furnish food for man and beast. Would this food be produced if it were not for the individual agency of intelligent man?

J. No, certainly not; I can comprehend these things for they come within my experience.

S. You find yourself in a world that is specially fitted up to furnish man the necessities of existence. Can you not in this discern the agency of an active, intelligent being, as well as in the house and field of grain?

J. The house and grain came within the limits of

my knowledge, but this world is on too grand a scale for my comprehension.

S. A barbarian, for the first time, enters a large city. As a whole, it bewilders him, and he entirely fails to comprehend the utility of its magnificent buildings, with their arches, columns and domes. Does his want of comprehension make what he sees any less the result of intelligent design?

J. Certainly not.

S. You see that the earth, in all its grand organizations, shows a purpose in its construction as well as a city: why should it not be the work of a creative intelligence as well?

J. I see that, in my ignorance, I may err as well as the barbarian, but how am I to know there is a God in these things?

S. In the labors of man you see an individual intelligence as the agent. Is not that fact as applicable to what you do not comprehend as it is to that which you do?

J. The reasoning appears to be good, but how can I know God as an individual, as I know my fellow-man?

S. You are now only fitted to be a companion of man. Prepare yourself to be a companion of God, then you may know him, as you now know your fellowmen.

J. If God is an individual intelligence, I see nothing in nature, nor find anything in my experience that teaches me any other attribute of God than His power.

S. It is true the greatest manifestation of God in nature, is His power. This inspires man with reverence, and has generally led him to worship the creature instead of the Creator.

J. Admitting that there is an individual intelligence

that governs all things, I enquire again, how can I become acquainted with Him?

S. Through Jesus Christ and prophets and apostles He has told us how we may become acquainted with Him.

J. Yes, I see, Simon; it is the same old story: I must get religion in order to learn much about this great being whom you call God.

S. If you wish to become acquainted with some earthly potentate of great dignity and power, would you not be desirous of approaching him in an acceptable manner, that you might gain his favor and attain your object?

J. I certainly could not expect to be admitted into his presence in any other way.

S. Then how can you expect to see and become acquainted with so great and holy a being as God, without you use the means that he has directed?

J. Your reasoning seems good, but I cannot bear this long-faced sanctimonious piety, of which I see so much around me.

S. The religion you speak of suits me no better than it does you. True religion makes people cheerful and happy, and, therefore, more capable of enjoying the seasonable labors and pleasures of life. It leads to perfection in everything that is great and noble.

J. Well, friend Simon, your conversation is always interesting, and perhaps that and your example will some day make me better, so adieu for this time.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Sarah. Father, Mr. Jimson was at work laying the floor of his house last Sunday. That was not right, was it?

Father. No, it was wrong, and in direct opposition to the fourth commandment. You can repeat that commandment, can't you?

S. Yes. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

F. That is correct. God was very strict with ancient Israel in regard to keeping holy the Sabbath day. When they were in the wilderness He caused manna to fall from heaven for their food. On the sixth day a double portion fell, that it might be gathered that day, half of it for use on the Sabbath.

S. But suppose they had not gathered it on the sixth day; could they not have done so on the Sabbath?

F. No, for none fell on the Sabbath. During the week it would only keep good one day until the sixth day came, when that which was gathered over night for the Sabbath did not putrefy until the Sabbath was past.

S. Perhaps the Lord intended to teach the Israelites a lesson by this,

F. Yes, He evidently intended to teach them a lesson in obedience, and also to have faith in His promises.

S. What was done in ancient times to those who broke the law concerning the Sabbath?

F. Every one that defiled the Sabbath, or did any work on that day, was to be surely put to death. When the children of Israel were in the wilderness, a certain man gathered sticks on the Sabbath and he was taken outside of the camp and stoned to death by commandment of the Lord.

S. Is the Lord so strict now concerning the Sabbath?

F. He has never revoked any of the ten commandments, so far as I am aware.

S. What did the Savior say about the Sabbath when He lived upon the earth?

F. He declared Himself Lord of the Sabbath day, and said it was lawful to do well on that day, as when He healed persons who were sick or otherwise afflicted.

S. What should we understand by doing well?

F. I should understand doing good, doing that which is necessary to be done, or doing that which will relieve a fellow being from sickness, accident, or other suffering. These things, according to the teaching of Jesus, are things lawful to be done on the Sabbath. But it is not lawful to do any ordinary work which can just as well be done on another day.

S. Is there anything in the revelations from the Lord to Joseph Smith upon this subject?

F. Yes; in one revelation He says: "And the inhabitants of Zion shall, also, observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

S. Is that all?

F. No; you will find something more on page 224 of the Doctrine and Covenants. You may read it.

S. (*Reads.*) "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up my sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High; nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days, and at all times; but remember that on this the Lord's day thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High; confessing thy sins unto thy brethren and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do no other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart." That is quite strict.

F. Yes; it shows that the Sabbath is a day of rest from ordinary labors, a day to worship God, a day in which no unnecessary work is to be done, and a day that should be kept holy to the Lord.

S. Many people do not keep the Sabbath that way, nor do they appear to think anything about its being holy to the Lord.

F. That is true. We can see it among some of our neighbors and acquaintances, I am sorry to say.

S. Yes, some of them do all sorts of chores about their houses and lots on Sunday, and go out driving for pleasure.

F. There is one part of the fourth commandment that seems to be thought less of than other parts, if possible, by many people.

S. What is that?

F. The part that says that the cattle, or, in other words, the working animals, should rest, as well as men, on the Sabbath day.

S. I suppose many people do not think anything about it.

F. It does indeed seem so, or they would give their animals more rest on the Sabbath. Some people who

do little or no work on the Sabbath, have their horses work and their servants also.

S. I notice some go upon bathing trains and excursions, too, on Sunday.

R. Yes; and when there is no necessity for it. If a man can not possibly get away from home or work on any of the six week days, there may be some excuse for his going out for a ride occasionally on Sundays, but such is not the case with most of those who go out bathing and pleasure-seeking on Sundays.

S. Well, I suppose such persons think there is no great harm in that, as it is not *work*.

R. Not work, but it is profaning the Sabbath; and they cannot stand justified in the eyes of the Lord, who gave the commandment to Moses and the Israel of his day, and who renewed it to Joseph Smith in our day, to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

THE "MORMONS."

(Scene—A rural district in the State of Iowa.)

John. Well Peter, I understand you have joined the Mormons. Why is this? You and I have played together a long time, and I always thought you were sensible!

Peter. Yes, that I have joined the "Mormons," or Latter-day Saints, is true; but I have not done it without much thought or study. In fact, I think I have shown my good sense in doing it.

J. You will pardon me; I do not wish to injure the

feelings of an old friend, but why do you call those people "saints?" That is a new name to me.

P. We call ourselves saints because we believe the same doctrine that saints have believed in all ages of the world.

J. But why Latter-day Saints?

P. To distinguish us from former-day saints, or those who lived in the days of the first apostles.

J. Why, Peter, I never knew before that these Mormons were anything more than followers of Joseph Smith, and believers in his golden Bible!

P. We claim that Joseph Smith was an inspired prophet of God, and we believe and try to practice the principles He teaches. This makes us followers of God, and not of man.

J. I have been taught that prophets were very holy and very ancient men; in fact, that they belonged entirely to the past, being no longer needed.

P. Can you think of a time when the Lord had communication with men and did not have prophets?

J. I will have to admit that I cannot.

P. Before the flood were there not Enoch and Noah, and doubtless others not mentioned? From Abraham to Malachi, a period of some fifteen hundred years, was there not a succession of prophets and seers?

J. I need no argument to convince me of these facts of Bible history; but this brings to my mind the question: Why should a prophet come in this enlightened age?

P. That is the inquiry that I wished to have come up in your mind. Which is the enlightened age, the one in which men could know what the Lord wanted of them, or the one in which they were ignorant of His will concerning them?

J. Really, I had not thought of this subject in this light before.

P. The fact is, that for many hundreds of years men have been ignorant of the will of God concerning them, and, for the accomplishment of His great purposes in the latter days, He has opened up the channel of communication with men again, through His servant Joseph Smith.

J. What do you understand a prophet to be?

P. He is more generally understood to be a foreteller of future events, but we more fully understand the Lord may reveal all things, past, present and future, to His prophets.

J. But what gives one man power to see things more than others? In short, what does it take to make a prophet?

P. Things are revealed to them by the Spirit of God, or the Holy Ghost.

J. Can you give some evidence of this from the scriptures.

P. Yes; Jesus said to His disciples, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you in all things."

J. Then it is by this power that you consider Joseph Smith to be a prophet?

P. Yes, for he has revealed the ancient Gospel in its purity, as taught by Jesus and His apostles; he has organized a Church after the pattern given in the New Testament; and has foretold many things that are coming to pass before our eyes.

J. What about this golden Bible, of which I have heard so much in connection with Joseph Smith?

P. It is a history of the peoples who lived upon this continent; and it was hid up in the earth by the last prophet and historian.

J. A singular origin for a book in these days! But how did Joseph Smith obtain it?

P. The record was revealed to him by an angel;

and from a part of it he translated the Book of Mormon, by the power of God.

J. Well, well, what you say is indeed curious and interesting, and we must talk more about these things. But now here we are at school, and it is time to go in.

FATHER AND SON.

Son. Can you tell me anything about the 24th of July.

Father. Certainly, if you wish to know.

S. Well, I do, because this year there was a great deal of talk about this day, and every year there is more or less.

F. The 24th of July is one of the greatest days in the history of the Church, and also of this Rocky Mountain country.

S. Why?

F. Because on that memorable day the main body of the Pioneers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints entered this valley and settled down on the site of this city, when there was no house here, and no white man—nothing but a parched desert, with a few degraded Indians, who lived upon eriekets, roots, fish or any game they could catch.

S. Why did the Pioneers come here?

F. That is a long story.

S. But you can tell me something about it.

F. Well, when the Church was in that portion of the United States which is east of the Rocky Mountains, and which constituted then the whole of the United States, and Joseph Smith was the prophet and

leader of the Church, its members suffered almost continuous perseccution from wicked people who belonged to other churches, or to no church at all.

S. Why are they persecuted?

F. Because of the wickedness that is in the world; as the scriptures say, "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;" and, as Jesus Himself said, if they persecuted Him they will also persecute His disciples.

S. I do not see why they should.

F. For the reason that the righteous and the unrighteous can never dwell together in peace. The unrighteous always seek to oppress and deal wickedly with the righteous.

S. That is very wrong.

F. Certainly it is. When the saints dwelt in Ohio, they were persecuted. When they went to Missouri and lived there they were persecuted and driven, first from one county to another, and sent out of the State. Then they went to Illinois, and built Nauvoo. Wicked men killed Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, while they were defenceless prisoners, on trumped up charges, and under the solemn pledge of the State for safe keeping. After that, wicked mobs harrassed the saints and caused them to leave Nauvoo, the mob actually driving away the sick and the poor and comparatively helpless at last, and then burned the Temple which the saints had built up to the name of the Lord.

S. That was dreadful.

F. Yes. Previous to his death, the Prophet Joseph, convinced that he and the Saints could not live in peace among their enemies, contemplated the establishment of a settlement somewhere in or west of the Rocky Mountains, and some arrangements were made to that end; but his murder delayed the project. After his death, when the Saints found that they

would no longer be allowed to stay in Illinois, nor, in all probability, in any other State, and enjoy the common rights and civil and religious liberties of American citizens, they resolved to leave the State, and the United States, and move westward, seeking some far-distant region where they might live and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, unmolested by wicked men.

S. I do not wonder at that.

F. Previous to their final determination to embark upon such an expedition, the council of the Twelve Apostles wrote to the governors of all the States in the Union, asking the privilege to live in any of the respective States, and enjoy the rights of citizens.

S. What did the governors say? .

F. If I remember rightly, they received an answer from only one of them, Governor Drew, of Arkansas, and that conveyed to them no assurance such as they desired.

S. Then they could do no other than leave that part of America and endeavor to find some other place where they could live in peace.

F. They were obliged to go somewhere else. They commenced to leave Nauvoo in the early part of 1846, when ice and snow abounded. But that year they did not get very far, only to Missouri River, where they built log houses, and called the place Winter Quarters, now called Florence.

S. What did they do then?

F. Early in 1847, a company of pioneers, consisting of one hundred and forty-three men and three women, with seventy-three wagons, under the direction of President Brigham Young, started westward, and found their way to this valley. When near Bear River, President Young was taken sick with mountain fever, so Orson Pratt was requested to take twenty-three wagons and forty-two men, and go along as an ad-

vance company to make roads. On the 21st of July, 1847, Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow came down Emigration Cañon, and entered Salt Lake Valley. They were the first two of all the pioneers to arrive. After traveling in the valley about twelve miles they returned to their advance camp, about a mile and a half up the cañon.

S. Then why is not the 21st of July celebrated instead of the 24th.

F. Because the pioneers, with the exception of those two, did not enter the valley on the 21st. On the morning of the 22d, Orson Pratt, George A. Smith, and seven others came along into the valley, and explored further. When returning they found their advance camp had arrived in the valley, and were encamped about five miles from the mouth of the cañon, a little south of where Salt Lake City now stands. The next day the advance company moved camp northward, to where the Eighth Ward now is, and then they commenced to plow and to put a dam in the creek to get out the water.

S. When did President Young and the rest of the pioneers get in?

E. They arrived on the 24th of July, and, as a consequence, that is the day which is annually celebrated as Pioneer Day, because the main body of the pioneers, with President Young, arrived on that day. They camped where Salt Lake City now stands, though there was neither house, nor fence, nor tree here then, except such few trees as grew by the side of the creeks, or near them.

A FAMILY DIALOGUE.

Father. I see, William, that you have appeared much interested lately in a book you have been reading. What might be the subject upon which it treats?

William. It is a history of the conquest of the Peruvian empire by the Spaniards. The Spaniards certainly have one trait of character that has often been called a virtue, they were brave even to recklessness.

Mother. They certainly made bad use of their courage when they destroyed such a people and civilization as existed in Peru.

George. Not long since I read in some magazine a description of the Peruvian empire. It appears to me that they deserved a better fate than they received at the hands of the Spaniards.

W. The Peruvian empire is described as having been fifteen hundred miles in length. It was traversed by five roads and had many public store houses well filled with grain and other necessities of life, with which to supply the public service, and also the people in times of scarcity.

M. I do not have much time to study, but I believe the idea is about correct, that the Spaniards, in conquering Peru, destroyed a higher civilization than their own.

R. It is certain that the native Americans have disappeared very rapidly before the conquering white race. Instead of bringing desolation and destruction, civilization should build up and improve a country.

W. It is quite evident from history that Peru has

never been so thickly peopled and prosperous since its conquest by the Spaniards as it was before.

M. I suppose the Peruvians were at the head of civilization on the American continent at the time of its discovery by Christopher Columbus.

F. The history of the whole continent teaches us the same general fact—the gradual extinction of the Indian race in the presence of the white man.

G. The enmity of the white race towards the Indians appears to be quite general; I often hear men assert that the Indians have no rights which the whites are bound to respect.

M. It is virtually asserting that the strong have a right to plunder and destroy the weak.

W. It is certain that the Spaniards, in the conquest of Peru, acted on no other principle. They evidently had no regard for the rights of the Peruvians.

G. But what about that Inca who piled up such a vast amount of gold and silver to ransom himself.

W. The Spaniards took him prisoner by treachery. He agreed to fill up a certain portion of the room in which he was confined with gold and silver, on condition that he should be released. When he had paid the ransom, the perfidious Spaniards, after a mock trial, put him to death.

M. The title of the Indians to the soil of America has certainly come down from their fathers through many centuries, while that of the white man is more generally the result of either force or fraud.

F. It occurs to me that all these oppressions of the Indians by the white race, are prophesied of in the Book of Mormon many centuries before the discovery of America by Columbus.

G. I remember in reading the life of Columbus that it stated he took possession of the newly-discovered country in the name of the sovereigns of Spain,

and that he afterwards sent some of the natives to Spain to be sold as slaves.

F. George, will you please look for that prophecy I spoke of? I think you will find it in the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Nephi.

G. (*Takes the Book of Mormon from the centre table and turns to the chapter, as requested.*) Yes, father, here it is; in the fourteenth verse, Nephi says, "And it came to pass that I beheld many multitudes of the Gentiles upon the land of promise; and I beheld the wrath of God, that it was upon the seed of my brethren; and they were scattered before the Gentiles, and smitten."

F. Can you tell us, George, how long it was before the discovery of America, that Nephi saw in vision what you have just read?

G. As he had the vision nearly six hundred years before Christ, and America was discovered fourteen hundred and ninety-two years after, there would be about twenty-one hundred years between the prophecy and its fulfilment.

F. It appears that the Nephite prophets foresaw that these terrible destructions would come upon their race in the latter times, on account of their wickedness.

M. May we not hope that the time appointed for their affliction is drawing to a close, and that the time of their redemption is nigh?

F. Yes, for in the same chapter there is a promise that the Lord gave Nephi, that the Gentiles should not utterly destroy his seed nor the seed of his brethren. The Book of Mormon states that there are great blessings in store for them, and we may feel assured that the time of their redemption is near.

M. I feel a great interest in the Book of Mormon; it contains many important prophecies yet to be fulfilled, and I hope the boys will continue to study it.

W. I find what knowledge I have of the Book of Mormon adds much to the interest of American history since its discovery by Columbus.

F. We will find that the history of the world, as far as it is correct, verifies its inspired prophetic history as recorded in the sacred books.

PROSE.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Thousands of men live, move and breathe, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blest by them as instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday.

Will you thus live and die? O, immortal one, live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by

year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name—your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth, as the stars of heaven.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care, and very unhappy.

He heard of a man famed for wisdom and trust in God, and found him happy, although in very humble life.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy." Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?" "Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger." "Then imitate the bird," said the wise man, "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

THE SELFISH RICH MAN.

I will tell you about a rich man, who seemed to act and speak as if there was no world but this.

He had many beautiful fields. They were so very fruitful that his crops of wheat and other grain, were so abundant that he was in trouble to know where to store his great wealth; the barns he already had were too small, and he was at a loss to know what to do: At length he determined to pull down his storehouses and build larger, anticipating that after having accomplished the change, he should be perfectly happy. After having finished his design, he purposed saying to himself, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up in store for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Just as if corn and wine and oil and worldly goods were food and clothing for an immortal soul!

God knew all his plans for the future, and how that ungrateful man exulted over his prosperity, and how he promised himself long life in the selfish enjoyment of plenty, and He said to him, "Thou fool! this night shalt thy soul be required of thee."

That man's great wealth did not profit him. It did not profit him in his dying hour. It only made death terrible.

I too must die. I will ask God to give me grace to number my days, and to apply my heart unto wisdom, that I may lay up treasures in heaven while I live on the earth.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

(Recitation for Boy or Girl.)

MY YOUNG FRIENDS—You have life before you; do not squander it foolishly. Make up your minds while young to live for something. Understand that you have a mission given you, and be determined to fill it well and worthily. Recollect that you cannot be truly great, unless you are truly good; and make it your constant study to do all the good you can.

You are young and may not be very widely known, but you can extend the circle of your acquaintance and influence, by good deeds; and, wherever you go, you can carry an influence with you that will inspire others with good resolves, and a determination to follow your example. Do this, and you will write your names on the hearts of your generation, in letters that will never perish, and you will enter upon a career of ever-increasing happiness and glory.

ANECDOTE OF LADY WASHINGTON.

There was residing in Morris County, a Mrs. Troupe, the widow of a half-pay captain. She was a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. B., and on one of these occasions, before she had passed the usual compliments, exclaimed: •

"Well, what do you think, Mrs. B.? I have been to see Lady Washington!"

"Have you, indeed?" said her friend, "Tell me then all about how you found her ladyship—how she appeared, and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," replied Mrs. Troupe, "that I never was so ashamed in all the days of my life. You see, Madam L., and Madam C., and Madam S. and myself thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be a grand lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think, we found her knitting, with a checked apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband and herself. And that was not all. In the course of the afternoon, she took occasion to say, in a manner that we could not be offended at, that at this time, it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up our resources, whence many of our comforts are derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make for ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we should be patterns of industry."

LET US BE SAINTS.

The human mind possesses an adhesive quality. It naturally adheres to, and contracts a likeness to that with which it comes most in contact, or with which it is most conversant, therefore it is very important for us to be wise in the choice of our particular associates. Let the good, the honest and the upright constitute the society in which we familiarize our thoughts and feelings, at the same time let us be courteous to all. The haughtiness of manner which many mistake for dignity—that which, by its repulsiveness, holds everybody at a distance, is a stranger to the amiability that flows from genuine goodness of heart.

Let us court the society of the aged who have trod the path of life before us—those who have accumulated wisdom by length of years in practical experience. Let us listen respectfully to their instructions and profit by their counsels.

Many of us now are in the season of life when the fascinating charms of the world are attractive; and when its ten thousand snares are most liable to attract the inexperienced from the path of virtue, and the faith and practice of the Gospel of the Son of God. Many, if not all of us, are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; let us truly “Remember our Creator in the days of our youth, and serve Him with a perfect heart and a willing mind;”—let us set our faces as flint, to keep the commandments of God, and to live by every word that proceeds out of His mouth.

Let us turn our backs upon the vanities and follies

of the world. Let us be steadfast without bigotry. If we are true and faithful to the profession we have made, we are to become companions of angels.

How awkward we would feel to be introduced into the presence of beings filled with intelligence and surrounded with glory, if we were entirely unprepared for such society! Life itself might seem too short for such a preparation. Then let us be diligent in seeking wisdom and knowledge. Let us carefully study the revelations which God has given, and receive and treasure up whatever shall proceed from His mouth from time to time; for we live in a day when He is speaking to His people, and to the inhabitants of the earth.

If we intend to be Saints, we must be *determined*. We must not be afraid to be singular, for, although we are privileged above all the world by being associated with the Saints of God, we should remember that "all are not Israel that are of Israel"—that the kingdom of heaven, like a net, gathers of every kind; and even *here* are those who would entice us from the pure principles of the religion of Jesus Christ, as they are taught in the New Testament and in the Book of Mormon.

Let us be humble and cherish the Spirit of God in our hearts, which will protect us from evil and lead us into ALL TRUTH.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Solomon says, "A false witness shall perish." The Lord said through Moses, "Thou shalt not bear false

witness against thy neighbor." This is one of the most important commands in the decalogue.

The Lord loves a truthful person, but He cannot love the liar. "He that loveth and maketh a lie," and will not repent, will find himself shut out from the presence and glory of God and the Lamb.

The truthful man dislikes untruthfulness in his fellow; and even the wicked admire truth in others, although they may not practice it themselves. I will relate an anecdote which forcibly illustrates the truth of this.

There once lived in Poland a good man by the name of John Kane. It was his rule, always, to suffer wrong rather than do wrong to others.

One night, while riding through a dark wood, he suddenly found himself at the mercy of a band of robbers, who demanded his money and other valuable articles about his person. He promised them all—dismounted and handed them a purse filled with silver coins—a gold chain from his neck—a ring from his finger, and a prayer book with silver clasps. He was sternly asked by the robber-chief, if that was all—if he had given all his money; to which he replied in the affirmative, and they let him go.

He proceeded on his way—was soon out of sight, and felt glad he had escaped without personal injury. But immediately it occurred to him that he had some gold pieces in the hem of his robe, which he had entirely forgotten when asked if he had given up all his money.

At first, he considered this fortunate, as it would be sufficient to pay his expenses home. But his conscience admonished him not to lie, and he could not rest.

Some people would say that a promise made to thieves, under such circumstances, need not be kept.

But he did not stop to reason. He immediately went back to the robbers, told them that fear confused him—that he did not tell them the whole truth—asked their pardon, and offered them the gold pieces.

To his great surprise, not one of the robbers would take them. A very strange feeling was at work in their hearts, saying, “Thou shalt not steal!” and they were deeply affected. Then, as if all were moved by a common impulse, one gave him his purse—another his ring—another his prayer book, and another led up his horse and assisted him to remount.

Then all the robbers, as if ashamed of intending harm to so good a man, went up to him and asked his blessing, which he gave with a devout feeling, and then rode on his way, thanking God for such a strange escape, and wondering at the mixture of good and evil in the human heart. It certainly was a very singular incident. Few would have done as John Kano did. It proved to be the best course for him to pursue in that particular instance, for by telling the whole truth, he lost nothing, and was, perhaps, instrumental in making an impression on the minds of those robbers which was conducive to repentance and better lives.

It is a great pleasure to parents to know that their children always tell them the truth; and how mortifying to them to know that they cannot depend on what their children say!

We, sons and daughters of the Latter-day Saints, should always tell our fathers and mothers the unsullied, simple truth, and never allow ourselves to vary one particle from truth to any body, and in doing so, we shall establish reputations for veracity that will last forever, and secure the favor and confidence of the good and true on earth, and the approval of the hosts of heaven above.

In this way we shall escape much sorrow in mortal-

ity, and create for ourselves a claim on the Eternal Father for immortality in His celestial mansions.

“While youthful, be truthful, let truth your motto be,
From tainting of falsehood, let your whole life be free.”

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

As travelers on earth, let us pause for a while, to contemplate the Universe in which we dwell, and the glory of Him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here presented to our view! If beheld with a spiritual eye, what a temple for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before us, reposing amid the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of spring—smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit—opening to an endless variety of beings, the treasures of our Maker’s goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every living creature.

The heavens also declare the glory of the Lord. The sun comes forth from his chambers to scatter the shades of night, inviting us to the renewal of our labors, adorning the face of Nature, and as he advances to meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and flower that springs from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from our view, does he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor for a while to disclose to us a more glorious scene—to show us the immensity of space filled with worlds unnumbered, that our imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creations of God.

ELOCUTION.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of Elocution. Authors and teachers have furnished excellent rules for pronunciation and the correct modulation of the voice; they have explained the nature and use of stress, volume, pitch, slides, inflections and all the other elements which enter into correct reading and speaking.

This drill, however, though very useful and even necessary to a successful cultivation of the art of speaking, will never make an elocutionist. It may render a man a good mimic or imitator, but that is all.

To become an elocutionist in the true sense of the word, one must learn to do what Dr. Johnson declared was done by Garrick, the celebrated actor. When asked his opinion of the reputation attained by that wonderful interpreter of Shakespeare, he replied, "O, sir, he deserves everything he has acquired, for having seized the soul of Shakespeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world!" Yes, herein lies the secret of elocution; one must seize the soul of the author whose thoughts he would reproduce: he must embody that soul in himself, making it a part of his own being, and then he will speak with that forcible eloquence which alone deserves the name of elocution.

It is quite evident that if a man does not fully comprehend the meaning of the author whom he wishes to reproduce, he cannot, with any degree of precision present the thoughts of that author to his hearers. Hence, the first step toward good speaking consists in mastering the thoughts—the meaning—involved in

the piece to be rendered. This is accomplished by a careful analysis of the author's work, noting the logical connection of the ideas, and determining the object which the author had in view when he wrote the article in question. This is the first step, but by no means the most important.

Having ascertained the meaning of the author, the next and most important step is, as Dr. Johnson has it, to seize and embody in one's self, the soul of the author. This is accomplished by studying carefully the character of the man, ascertaining his peculiarities, his habits of thought, his natural disposition and temper—in a word, the tone of his mind.

Then comes the last step, which consists of putting one's self in that man's place, creating in one's self, for the time at least, a tone and habit of thought similar to his, and striving to feel as he most likely felt while writing, or, as he would probably feel were he to deliver orally what he had written.

Thus prepared, and "worked up" into the spirit of the author, the speaker may fearlessly come forward, and feel perfectly confident that with ordinary speaking ability he will express forcibly the thoughts of the author. And this is true elocution.

LET US BE USEFUL.

MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHERS AND SISTERS--While young, let us not allow our time to run to waste. Let us not trifle it away on foolish, nonsensical objects; but in all our pursuits, keep our eye on the future.

Let us ever bear in mind that the manner in which we improve the present, will have a bearing on our future condition and character. Let the cultivation of our minds and manners engage much of our attention, in order to prepare us for the relations we shall be called to sustain in the busy scenes of life that lie before us.

We live in a very important age—an age teeming with events; and if our lives are spared, each of us will have a part to act in the grand scenery which precedes, and is to prepare the way for the second coming of the Messiah. We should try to realize the importance of the period, and to act accordingly.

Let us study to make ourselves useful. By early habits, we may accustom ourselves to blend the useful with the agreeable in such a manner that the everyday duties of life will be a pleasure. That course of life which proposes the most usefulness, will afford us the greatest happiness, by contributing most to the happiness of others. How much better—how much nobler it is to derive pleasure from imparting happiness to those around us, than to seek it in the indulgence of that little selfishness of feeling which extends no farther, and has no other object than mere personal gratification?

Let us cultivate sufficient independence of mind, to *dare to do right*—that will inspire us with moral courage enough to stem the tide of evil example; at all times realizing that the eyes of the great God are continually upon us; and let us be wise, and esteem His approbation the richest reward, regardless of the smiles and frowns of those who trifle with sacred things—who disregard the authority of the Priesthood of God and the fulness of the everlasting Gospel revealed through Joseph Smith.

WHAT I WOULD NOT, AND WHAT I WOULD.

I would not make a charnel-house of the earth, that I might be called a hero. I would not march armies over countries rich in all the elements of life and happiness, and leave black desolation and want behind, that I might be flattered because feared—that I might be great because I had made others wretched.

I would not make mausoleums of cities, that monuments might be raised to commemorate my deeds while living, only to have them destroyed in hate, and my memory cursed for my crimes, after death.

I would not be an Alexander, wishing for more worlds to conquer, that my fame might be measured by the amount of misery I had caused my fellow mortals.

I would not be a Julius Cæsar, with the self-claimed right to slay thousands for bravely defending what God and nature had given them—the right to protect themselves against a public robber.

I would not be a Napoleon—a Christian warrior, deliberately writing my own selfish, self-formed creed of wright and wrong, in the blood of my fellow Christians, dazzling the world by the brilliancy of my gains; but, like the serpent, only dazzling to destroy.

If the record of my fame must be engraven with the sword, let it be done in protecting the weak—in overthrowing the wrong—in defending the right.

I would not hoard up wealth to feast greedy eyes on glittering gold—to make it a god of worship—to narrow down my soul to the limits of a dollar—to make me blind to all that is noble in humanity—to smother the light from the Eternal that would lead me to higher intelligence.

I would not, for the wealth of the Indies, or the gold of the Western Hemisphere, go into the grave, condemned by the noble, hated by the poor, and cursed by the widow and the orphan, leaving neither honor nor love of my memory behind—nothing but gold for others to quarrel over.

I would use power and wealth, to make men better, and, consequently, happier—to increase the elements of life—to open the way that the labors of the poor might raise them above the pinchings of want.

I would make science subserve the duties of life, instead of the means to destroy, and make desolate.

I would cover the desert with the waving harvest—with villages and cottages—with happy homes, and fill the air with the hum of industry—with the song of content.

When I am gone, I would have my name the theme of pleasant memories around the hearthstone of the cottage. I would have every human heart, a living tablet impressed with the record of my fame, by deeds of love to my fellowmen.

I would not have the costly monument the only attraction to my grave—the cold and stately marble my only representative.

I would have sturdy manhood drop the silent tear because I had passed to another life before him, and look forward with pleasure to the time when we might greet each other in a better world.

I would have my deeds worthy the emulation of youth, and innocent children strew my humble grave with flowers, and lisp my name with the reverence that love inspires.

TRUE AND FALSE GLORY.

The world ascribed to Napoleon great and noble qualities. His banner waved in triumph over many a bloody field; carnage and famine and death attended his steps, and like the genius of evil, he stalked abroad. He was doubtless a splendid general and a brilliant emperor; but the child who wandered over the field, after his most triumphant charge, and moistened with water the lips of the dying soldiers there, was far more exalted in the scale of being, than was the plumed and epauletted chieftain.

Nelson was a skillful officer, and died, as the world says, "in all his glory." His banner was his shroud, the roar of cannon was his dirge, and the shout of victory was his requiem. In the list of naval heroes, his name stands foremost, and they who love the navy have learned to honor him. But the poor sailor who, a few months since, in yonder city, braved the fire, and at the risk of his own life, saved a mother's only child, gained a truer glory than ever shone around the victories of the famous admiral.

How false, how unjust the estimate which the world places upon the actions of men! He who dies upon the battlefield—who rushes to strife and earnage—whose hands are dripping with human gore—is a man of honor! Parliaments and senates return him thanks, and whole nations unite in erecting a monument over the spot where rests his remains. But he whose task is to dry up the stream of blood—to mitigate the anguish of earth—to lift man up, and make him what God designed him to be—dies without a tongue to speak his eulogy, or a monument to mark his grave.

If you would show yourself a man in the truest and noblest sense, go not to yonder tented field, where death hovers, and the vulture feasts himself upon human victims! Go not where men are carving monuments of marble to perpetuate names which will not live in our own grateful memory! Go not to the dwellings of the rich! Go not to the palaces of kings! Go not to the halls of merriment and pleasure! Go rather to the poor and the helpless. Go to the widow, and relieve her woe. Go to the orphan, and speak words of comfort. Go to the lost and save him. Go to the fallen, and raise him up. Go to the sinner, and whisper in his ear words of Eternal Life. †

A SMILE.

(With tenderness.)

How trifling—how simple a thing is a smile! How slight an exertion does it cost, yet how magical, often are its results! How frequently it dispels the clouds of gloom from the brow of care, lighting up with its warmth and genial radiance, like sunshine on the distant hills, the countenances of the sullen and the depressed.

Oftentimes, too, even the forbidden visage of melancholy and despair catches up and reflects back the gentle hallowed light. How many a weary heart has been made happy by a smile; how many a heavy load has seemed lighter from its heavenly influence!

Friends, withhold not these little courtesies of life;

be not penurious of your smiles and kind words; you dream not of what a world of good, all unknown to you, they may accomplish. Scatter with a prodigal hand, and many a one traveling along life's dusty way will bless you in his and her heart of hearts!

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is not found alone in the assemblages of the people. We shall find it everywhere around us, if our hearts are rightly tuned to appreciate its melody. There is eloquence in a smile. It speaks the language of happiness; it tells of a warm and joyous heart; it whispers soft tales of love and friendship. There is eloquence in the flowers. They speak of heavenly love; how, when the Creator cursed the earth for man's disobedience, He left the flowers to bloom as the last relics of Paradise, and the emblem of man's primeval innocence.

There is eloquence in the groves. Birds of gay and brilliant plumage, skip from branch to branch, warbling their melodious lays of love, and speaking a language which ever finds an echo in the joyous heart of innocence and childhood. There is eloquence in music. Who has not felt it? Whose soul has never thrilled with sweet and gentle emotions as the voice of song stole softly over his slumbering senses, lulling them to repose by its soothing and heavenly melody?

There is eloquence in the starry heavens. These effulgent gems, that glitter so brightly on the mantle of night, tell us of God's omnipotence; how, when

chaos reigned supreme, His voice sounded amid the fearful gloom of nature, and at His bidding darkness fled, earth sprang into life, suns lit the firmament, and "the morning stars sang together for joy."

INTEGRITY.

There is a rule which we should adopt at the very offstart of our journey through life; it is co-eval with human existence, and is written in every heart. It is INTEGRITY. It is a capital which never depreciates with fluctuations, is never at a discount, but is a sure reliance in every vicissitude and trial. It points with certainty to honorable success in the pilgrimage of life, and is both sword and shield to him who would wage, with the true heart of manhood, the great battle of life.

What though the tempest howl, the storms beat, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the angry ocean cast up its mire and dirt? He who holds fast to his integrity will outride the danger, and may laugh at the fury of the elements. His bow of promise will arch itself up again in the heavens, more beautiful than ever, as a living witness that *truth can never die*. The slaves of vice and the votaries of indolence and fraud may flourish for a season, but they are morally sure to perish; and when they have closed their ignoble existence, the devotees of truth will rise above their ruin, like the flowers of spring upon the bleak desolations of winter.

Let us then, decide here, at this time, to go forth into

the broad field of labor, and hope, and reward, and peril! Let us be temperate, industrious, frugal, self-reliant; and whenever temptation shall cross our pathway and seek to allure us, let us pause and reflect, and repeat this one word, which shall be a talisman, or charm, to shield and protect us from all evil, and bear us through life in safety: and this word is—*Integrity*.

CHEERFULNESS.

There is no one quality that so much attaches man to his fellowman as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtue more esteem, but the respect is apt to be distant, and the esteem cold. It is far otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart, not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellow radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which prevades the soul to a depth that the blaze of intellect can never reach.

The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in a amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart "runs in coldness and darkness below," but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other good quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation, fully as well as the true coin.

A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. "Every heart knows its own bitterness," but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distil it into his neighbor's cup, and thus poison his felicity.

There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than a man whom we know fortune has dealt with badly, smothering his peculiar griefs in his bosom, and doing his duty in society with an unruffled brow and a cheerful mien. It is a duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsullied.

It may be asked, what shall that man do whose burdens of grief are heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has shed over them in private, shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learned to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek the sympathy of his friends? He had better not. Sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No, no; cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.

EARNESTNESS.

The principal element of success in every great undertaking is expressed by the word—*Earnestness*. It contains the true secret of most of the wonderful successes which have astonished the world. Very few individuals have ever risen to distinction, and gained an enduring reputation, and left their mark upon the age in which they lived, who were not earnest men or earnest women.

A fine example of this noble characteristic is Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. Think of the disheartening difficulties and vexatious delays he had to encounter—the doubts of the skeptical, the sneers of the learned, the cavils of the cautious, and the opposition of nearly all! And then the dangers of an untried ocean. But he was earnest in his determination, and the wonderful achievement crowned his efforts. What tongue can tell or mind comprehend the great results which have followed, and will continue to follow in all coming time, from what this single individual accomplished? A continent discovered, and nations planted whose wealth and power eclipse those of the Old World, and whose empires stretch far away beneath the setting sun!

But the greatest of all results is yet to come. Although he knew it not, Columbus was inspired by the Almighty to embark in the mighty enterprise in which his earnestness of character was eminently displayed, and by which, in process of time, our national republic was established under a heaven-inspired Constitution.

In all this, God had an eternal purpose. When the

time arrived, decreed by the Almighty for the commencement of his latter-day work, where on earth could it be established but in the land of Columbia?

Already, the brightest examples of earnestness of purpose known among men, have been exhibited in this direction. Never was a mortal man placed in a more trying and responsible position than Joseph Smith. Connected with his mission, was the destiny of the whole world—the living and the dead—the ushering in of a new dispensation—the introduction of the “pattern of heavenly things”—the everlasting Gospel in its fulness, with all its gifts, powers and ordinances; and all the world to oppose him!

Think of the “crafts in danger,” the man-made creeds, religious bigotry, cleric influence, superstition, deep rooted prejudice combined with consummate ignorance, all aroused in battle array against him! With indomitable earnestness he firmly laid the foundation of a mighty work extending into eternity, and sealed his labors and his testimony with his blood!

Without the same earnestness, his successor, Brigham Young could never have led a robbed and plundered people across a trackless desert and located them in the midst of the American desert with the success attendant.

And so it is. Some men accomplish much in a short time. They are burning and shining lights. They are “footprints on the sands of time.” They live long because they live to some good purpose, and accomplish the true ends of life.

BE COMPREHENSIVE.

Talk to the point, and stop when you reach it. The faculty which some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper is despicable. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody, though Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem on nothing.

There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it and almost feel it in their presence. On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind you of a twenty-four pounder discharging at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise—see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms.

Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumbling of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches and paragraphs are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father, "Dear sir, I am going to get married;" and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear son, go ahead."

Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose of life, and are men everywhere prized.

GOD IN HISTORY.

We should never forget that the Lord overrules all things for the accomplishment of His purposes. We see the earth fitted up for the abode of man. So much being done for him, is evidence that he was created for a special purpose. Hence we may conclude that the Seers and Prophets—the statesmen and heroes of history, have not appeared on the stage of action by chance; but just at the time when, and place where, there was a work for them to do.

The Lord raised up Moses to be a deliverer and law-giver to Israel. Joshua was ready at the proper time to lead them to victory, and he became one of the martial heroes of history. When the ten tribes of Israel had forfeited their inheritance through wickedness, an Assyrian king and his hosts were at hand to carry them captive beyond the river, and plant another people in their stead.

When the time came for the land of Judah to be made desolate, that it might enjoy its Sabbath, a conquering Nebuchadnezzar burned Jerusalem, and led its captive people to Babylon. When Babylon had filled up the measure of its iniquity, Cyrus, king of the Medes and Persians, had the will and the power to crush it.

When the time came for Judah to return to build up the walls of Jerusalem, "the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus to open the way." When the time came for the Medes and Persians to be humbled, Alexander of Macedonia, represented by the "he goat" in the visions of the Prophet Daniel, came from the west, and the hosts of Persia fell before his small, but well appointed legions, like grass before the mower's scythe.

The Lord has ever sent his Prophets in time to warn His people of coming judgments, for their wickedness. After doing their work they have disappeared. In latter times, when the old despotisms of Europe needed crushing with an iron hand, that kings might learn that there is a God in heaven, Napoleon Bonaparte appeared on the theatre of action, clothed with terror and victory, to teach the tyrants that they did not rule by divine right.

Again, when, in accordance with the Lord's plans, the time came that a mighty nation should be raised up on the American continent, the continent was discovered and colonized. As the great struggle of these colonies with the mother country approached, Washington had been selected for the great task of leading them through the fiery trial to victory.

When the time fully came for the opening up of the dispensation of the fulness of times, the Prophet Joseph Smith, whose coming was predicted many hundred years before the birth of our Savior, was ready to receive the ministrations of angels, and the necessary instructions to prepare him for his great work.

History is full of evidences that God reigns, and that all things are the result of His overruling care and design.

HOW TO WEIGH CHARACTER.

MY YOUNG BROTHERS AND SISTERS—I do not intend to bore you with a long speech, but wish to say a few words for our mutual good.

Living, as we are privileged to do, in the last dispensation and in the place of the gathering of people from all nations, we expect to associate with those whose habits and manners have been formed under every variety of circumstances. Therefore if we wish to be happy ourselves and promote the happiness of others, it will be necessary for us to cultivate feelings of kindness and philanthropy. We must accustom ourselves to view the conduct of others in the most favorable light, and ever be more willing to accept a redeeming excuse for faults and failings than to indulge in severe censures and criticisms.

So long as people are differently educated, and the customs of different countries are so very-unlike, it is far better to be indulgent and forbearing; especially let us be careful to allow to others every privilege we wish to enjoy ourselves.

Also let us be careful to not over-estimate the merit of our own actions. Let us try to realize that the time will come when all will be rewarded according to their works—when the secrets of all hearts will be known. After our utmost efforts in well doing, let us not be discouraged, although our labors should not be appreciated in a manner to meet our youthful expectations. Let us so control our feelings as to be satisfied with the approval of God, and patiently await His decision, regardless of the praise and censure—frowns and smiles of short sighted mortals.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

"There is no excellence without labor"—no prosperity without economy, and no grand success without continued application.

This has been practically illustrated in the life of George Stephenson, the primary inventor of the railroad.

He commenced life with work. When he had saved a little money for his labor, he spent it in getting a little learning. He not only maintained and educated himself, but also helped his poor parents. When his wages were twelve shillings a week, he was happy; and as he increased in skill, and his wages advanced to one pound a week, he began to lay up money. When he had saved his first guinea, he said he was a "rich man."

Although great difficulties like mountains arose up before him, he never looked back—he never relaxed his application, and in spite of a multitude of obstacles in his path, he never yielded to discouragement.

When, in working out his great scheme, he had not sufficient means to proceed, he had character. He was known as an honest man, and could be trusted. He was upright, and could be depended upon.

By Labor, Economy and Application, George Stephenson succeeded.

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